

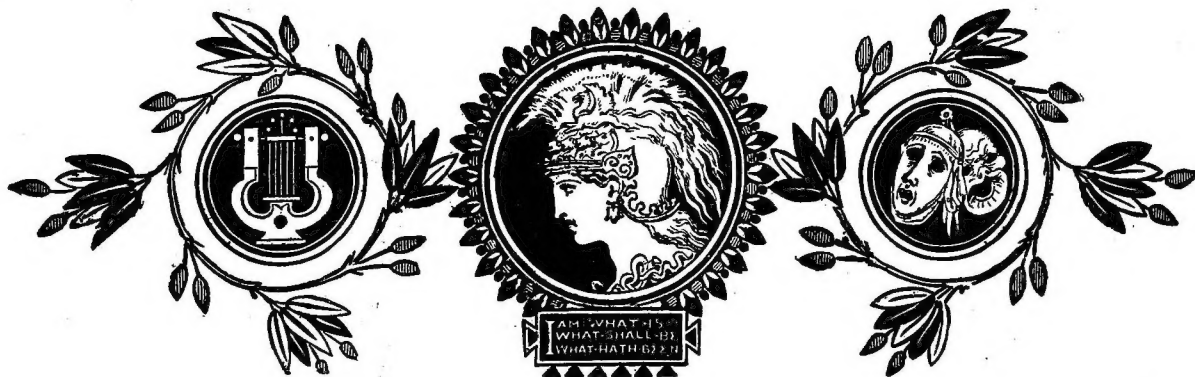
ÉDITION DE LUXE

No. 956

MARCH 24, 1888

# THE GRAPHIC.

AN  
ILLUSTRATED  
WEEKLY  
NEWSPAPER.



STRAND

190

LONDON

PRICE NINEPENCE

No. 956.—  
Registered

THE



# THE GRAPHIC

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

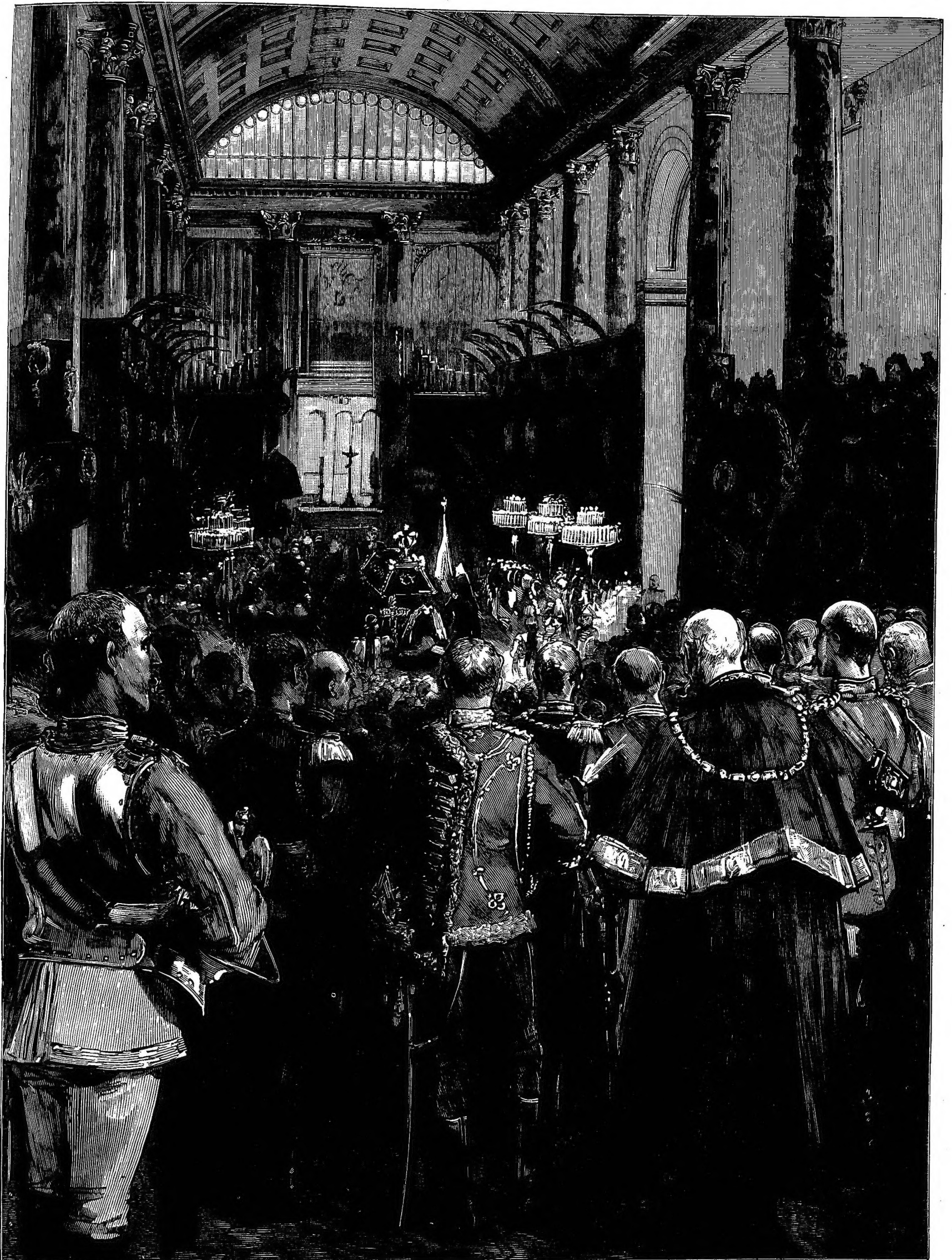
No. 956.—Vol. XXXVII.  
*Registered as a Newspaper*

ÉDITION  
DE LUXE

SATURDAY, MARCH 24, 1888

ENLARGED TO  
TWO SHEETS

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*By Post Ninepence Halfpenny*



THE FUNERAL OF THE LATE EMPEROR WILLIAM AT BERLIN—THE FUNERAL SERVICE AT THE CATHEDRAL  
FROM A SKETCH BY ONE OF OUR SPECIAL ARTISTS



## Topics of the Week

**MR. RITCHIE'S BILL.**—On Monday evening Mr. Ritchie had a surprise in store for the House of Commons. That his Local Government Bill would be a large measure every one knew, but no one was prepared for so vast and elaborate a scheme as that which he actually produced. We may also say that nobody expected quite so good a speech as the one in which he introduced his proposals. It was a clear, straightforward, and vigorous exposition, and justifies the country in looking to Mr. Ritchie for some very important contributions to the work of Parliament. Regarding the details of his Bill, it will be impossible for some time to form a definite opinion. They are too intricate, and relate to too many important interests, to be judged hastily. At the present stage, all that can be said about them with confidence is that they are certain to give rise to an enormous amount of controversy, and that many of them will be profoundly modified before the Bill gets through Committee. By Mr. Ritchie's own party the measure has not been received enthusiastically. Most Conservatives seem to doubt whether there is any particular need for a reform of our system of County Government, and it is true, as Mr. Ritchie admitted, that the existing authorities have done their work, on the whole, wisely and economically. But it is also true that for many years public business has been far too much concentrated in the hands of Parliament. One of the most urgent demands of all who have closely studied public affairs is that some of the duties now discharged at Westminster shall be transferred to local bodies, so that the national representatives may be free to devote their attention wholly to matters in which all classes of the community are equally interested. Obviously, however, no such process of decentralisation could be attempted if the counties continued to be governed by Quarter Sessions. For new functions it is necessary that new organs should be created—organs which may be trusted to work in accordance with the movements of public opinion and sentiment. The Government is to be congratulated on having frankly recognised this fact, and on having decided that the County Boards shall rest on a thoroughly democratic basis. This may be regarded as the fundamental principle of Mr. Ritchie's complicated Bill, and it is a principle which may henceforth be considered unassailable, whether the present measure becomes law or not. All sections of the Liberal party have of course accepted it with expressions of approval, and, for the sake of so great a concession, they may perhaps be induced to oppose with moderation any minor proposals which are not so much to their liking.

**GENERAL BOULANGER AND THE FRENCH GOVERNMENT.**—The story that General Boulanger came to Paris wearing blue spectacles and pretending to be lame is roundly denied by his adherents, and is affirmed with equal confidence by the Government. But it is not denied that when he visited the metropolis the gallant General took "French leave," and this is in itself a serious offence for any soldier, especially for one holding such a high and responsible position. The forthcoming Court of Inquiry will no doubt throw further light on the whole affair, but the Government will be ill-advised if they manifest a desire to punish the General vindictively. Such a course would only tend to restore his popularity, which has evidently been lessened by recent disclosures. Whether the story of the disguise was true or false, it was generally accepted by the public, and it certainly tended to make General Boulanger cut rather an absurd figure. It is said that in France ridicule tends to destroy influence more effectually than any other weapon, and yet there are exceptions to the rule. No one was more laughed at than Louis Napoleon after his melodramatic failures at Strasburg and Boulogne, yet he lived down the ridicule which attached to his name, and became the autocrat of the French people. Bearing this in mind, it would be rash to predict the future fate of General Boulanger. Just now, he certainly does not look like "the coming man," for, while he is dreaded by the Moderates, he is by no means in favour with the bulk of the anarchical factions. Meanwhile, it is melancholy to note how little real patriotism there is among French politicians. The debate in the Chamber on Tuesday showed that such prominent men as M. Clémenceau and M. Paul de Cassagnac are much more anxious to embarrass and upset the Tirard Cabinet than to investigate the charges against General Boulanger.

**THE BOAT RACE.**—Judging from the exceptional numbers who faced the bitter winds to have a look at the University crews at practice, the great Boat Race has not lost its popularity. It may be, perhaps, that, like so many other British institutions, it has become "democratised," that is, "the masses" take more interest in the event than they used to do, but "the classes" less. There is an undoubted change of this sort in the quality of the attendance at the race; the crowd grows somewhat larger every year, but the aristocratic element, which in former times was predominant, is now swallowed up in the plebeian. It is well that this should be the case; the spectacle is one from which "our masters" may draw not a few useful lessons. There is something so

English about the whole affair, so redolent of those qualities, physical and mental, on which we pride ourselves. Why should half a million of people go several miles, and stand about for hours very often in biting weather, merely to catch a glimpse of a couple of arrow-like boats rushing past? What is there in this to render a staid people like the English half mad with excitement? Truly, in the spectacle itself very little; to ninety-nine spectators out of a hundred, the two crews present precisely the same aspect of perfect mechanical movement. It is neither the sixteen young athletes, models of physical beauty as they are, nor the wonderfully fragile craft in which they sit, that draws such enormous crowds to the river. The real attraction to the masses is that they know the race will be honestly rowed throughout, and that the better crew will win. That being the very essence of all English sports in the olden time, the humble Cockney hies him to Putney, or Hammersmith, or Barnes, or wherever his favourite coign of advantage may be, to witness with his own eyes the last survival of that honourable system of competition. And long may he make this annual pilgrimage; it is good for him to testify, even with beer and paper-feather accompaniments, that he knows how to worship manly worth when he gets a chance.

**THE HOUSE OF LORDS.**—Lord Salisbury has been roundly abused for the manner in which he responded to Lord Rosebery's motion with regard to the reform of the House of Lords. In reality, however, there is a great deal to be said for the Prime Minister's main argument. At present the House of Lords rarely makes itself troublesome. Almost all Bills passed by the House of Commons it quietly accepts; and even those measures which it rejects it ultimately adopts when it is proved that they are demanded by the country. Does any one imagine that if all Lord Rosebery's proposals were carried out the House of Lords would be as compliant as it is now? Suppose it were made as powerful as the American Senate. In that case there would be continual quarrels between the two Houses. The Upper House would by no means feel that it existed on sufferance; it would claim to have authority equal to that of the other branch of the Legislature, and would insist on its wishes being respected. The result would probably be a demand on the part of politicians for the abolition of the House of Lords—a demand which would meet with very serious opposition, since a great many people would certainly consider the Second Chamber the better Chamber of the two, just as a great many Americans prefer the Senate to the House of Representatives. We do not say, of course, that the House of Lords ought not to be reformed. There are some obvious changes which would considerably improve it without altering its essential character. But to make it a strong and really vital factor in the political life of the country would be to introduce an element of confusion, and of the gravest danger. It would be infinitely better to have no Second Chamber than to have one that would be capable of competing on something like equal terms with the popularly-elected assembly.

**THE BANKERS AND THE CONVERSION SCHEME.**—The National Debt Conversion Bill has made its way through the House of Commons with remarkable smoothness. It may fairly be asked why in 1884 Mr. Childers failed to do that which has been accomplished with such apparent ease by Mr. Goschen in 1888. A minor reason is that Mr. Goschen is more of a *persona grata* in the City than was Mr. Childers. He has been all his life thoroughly conversant with City men and City ways, and therefore his Bill was the outcome of the collective opinion of the financial world generally. But a second and more important reason is that the question of the reduction of the interest payable to State creditors has become far more urgent during the last four years. All fairly sound objects of investment have greatly appreciated in price, so that intending investors have to be content with three-and-a-half to three-and-three-quarters per cent. interest, even in the case of securities where there is a certain amount of risk, and a liability (as in the case of Railway Consols) to constant fluctuations in the amount of dividend payable. It was manifest, therefore, that the Government loans, backed by the entire credit of the nation, deserved more favourable terms than these, and it is to the credit of Mr. Goschen's scheme that the loss which must inevitably fall upon the fundholders is spread over a wide period of time, and made as little grievous as possible. Lastly, Mr. Goschen is wiser in his Chancellorship than was Mr. Childers. Being a practical man he knew the sluggishness and timidity of the average fundholders. He perceived that in order to get them to convert freely a stimulus must be applied, and he applies it in the shape of a commission of eighteenpence per cent. payable to "recognised agents" (that is, practically, to bankers and solicitors), who induce their clients to exchange, as Mr. Punch pictorially puts it, their three per cent. lambs for two-and-three-quarter per cent. lambkins. This clause was discussed with some spirit on Tuesday night, but the House sensibly perceived that, if it were withdrawn, the whole conversion scheme would hang fire, and, therefore, it was affirmed by a majority of more than a hundred.

**LORD DUFFERIN'S POLICY.**—The majority of the native papers in India show more of a disposition to "speed the parting" than to "welcome the coming guest" in their comments on the approaching substitution of Lord Lansdowne

for Lord Dufferin on the Viceregal throne. More particularly is the Hindoo Press characterised by rabidness of tone in discussing Lord Dufferin's achievements. These journals rail at him with almost Hibernian bitterness; they charge him roundly with never having done one single thing for the benefit of the "Indian nation." This hostility is not altogether unnatural; Lord Dufferin had the misfortune to succeed a Viceroy who, whatever the defects of his administration, had contrived to win the regard of Young India. And since it is Young India—mainly of the Hindoo persuasion—that fills the columns of the native papers, any Viceroy who did not proceed on Riponian lines would be sure to incur their animosity. There is another cause, however, for Hindoo virulence; this is the belief that the keynote of Lord Dufferin's policy was to sow dissensions between the two great religions of India. Whether he was actuated by that intention or not, it is undoubtedly the case that during his reign the Mahomedans have thrown off their previous dejection, and now display something of their old aggressive spirit. Nor can it be denied that their leaders have been made much of by the powers that be, although not to the exclusion of Hindoo men of mark. A good deal may be said for the policy of "*divide et impera*" in the East. The East India Company always acted upon it from the time of Clive downwards, and for a long time the Sepoy regiments were recruited on the same principle. The ever-present danger is that the races thus set in antagonism may discover the reason for the little game—the fear that, if they were united, the handful of whites could never make head against them. It would be a bad thing for our Empire were the natives ever to believe that the English were afraid of anything they could do; that conviction would assuredly tempt them to test our strength as it did in 1857.

**WOMEN AS VOTERS.**—We have not heard much lately about the movement for securing for properly qualified women the right to vote for members of Parliament. Questions of more pressing importance have for some time driven the subject into the background. The agitation, however, still goes on, and we shall not be much surprised if the object is soon attained. Women, it must be remembered, have already a right to take part in the election of School Boards and of Boards of Guardians; and in Mr. Ritchie's Local Government Bill it is provided that they shall have votes for the new County Boards. If the latter proposal is accepted, we may be sure that a larger concession will not be very long delayed. In this country we do not trouble ourselves much about anomalies; but it would be rather too preposterous to let women be in part responsible for the election of great local bodies, and to refuse to let them have anything to do with the election of members of the House of Commons. If they are fit for the one function, it is certain that they must be fit for the other. The prejudices which for a long time impeded the progress of this movement have now begun to give way. Women, as we said last week, have not been made unwomanly by improved education; and there is not the slightest reason to suppose that they would be made unwomanly by being permitted to have a voice in the conduct of public affairs. Probably no very startling results will spring from the change when it is effected. The one great advantage to be expected from it is that all questions specially relating to women will be more earnestly and intelligently discussed. There are certain interests which affect women more closely than they affect men, and some which affect women only; and justice requires that such interests should be considered from the feminine, as well as from the masculine, point of view. This is, no doubt, the argument which will in the end secure victory for "the cause."

**POLICEMEN, MAGISTRATES, AND HOME SECRETARIES.**—It is no bad thing, perhaps, for the liberties of the British public, that the above-named authorities do not all row in the same boat. If they did, there would be a danger of the bureaucratic tyranny which prevails in several Continental countries, and which causes the whole police organisation to be an object of distrust and dislike, not only to the disorderly classes, but also to well-conducted citizens. Let us take a recent example. Our constables are sometimes rough and inconsiderate in their treatment of the crowds which assemble to witness some outdoor spectacle; but they do not often behave as their brethren behaved in Berlin on the day of the Emperor's funeral. Near the Brandenburg Gate numbers of spectators who had stood shivering in the bitter cold on the edge of the pavement since daybreak were violently pushed back to make way for certain privileged persons who were assigned places five or six feet deep in front of them. Resenting this treatment, a scuffle ensued, "until," says the *Times* reporter, "squads of mounted police came up at a hand-gallop, and ploughed their way through the human surf." Imagine the misery which this incident implies, the outcry we should have made—and made justly—had it happened in London, and let us thank our stars that we are not under the militarism which prevails in the German Empire, and which sends so many of the Emperor's subjects to seek their living across the Atlantic. Of course, our system of divided authority produces some inconvenience and friction. No doubt Sir Charles Warren sometimes wishes himself back among Boers and Kaffirs, heartily echoing the song, "A policeman's life is not a happy one." Yet it is well that the magistrates should be



independent of the Police Commissioners; and that the Home Secretary, as a neutral authority, should exercise a mild sway over both. This is exemplified by the recent Bloy-Coverdale case. Mr. Matthews agreed with the Chief Commissioner's exoneration of Constable Bloy, having satisfied himself, from an independent investigation, that the policeman had spoken the truth, but he disapproved of the rebuke administered by the Commissioner to the magistrate, Mr. Baggallay. Whatever we may think of this decision, it shows, in spite of the outcry about police tyranny, how far removed we are from Continental despotism. Another proof of this is afforded by a police-case at Bow Street, where a constable, placed purposely near the Grand Hotel to maintain order, was heavily fined for forcibly removing a lady from a cab, although she began by using provoking language to him, and had previously been convicted of drunkenness and assault.

**DEPARTMENTAL CONTRACTS.**—Mr. Hanbury elicited some interesting, and possibly valuable, information on Monday from the Postmaster-General and the Under Secretary for India on the subject of Departmental Contracts. One of these, between the Board of Inland Revenue and an eminent firm of wholesale stationers, involves an annual expenditure of about 100,000*l.* by the State. Does it obtain fair value for its money? Scarcely, if it be true that nearly one half of the amount goes to the firm as net profit. Now, this contract runs for ten years, and the lucky contractors will therefore have realised about half-a-million by the end of the period. Sir John Gorst, on being questioned, stated that the same firm has three contracts running with the Indian Government, but he could not say whether the terms were too high. The strangest feature in these curious arrangements is that none of the contracts were offered to public competition. The Board of Inland Revenue, as we have seen, pitched upon a particular firm, and most generously allowed it to make a profit of 50 per cent. Perceiving the excellence of this plan, the Secretary for India thought he could not do better than supply the requirements of the Indian Government on the same admirable system. So he consulted the Board, and the Board declared, of course, that its own method worked capitally; and he, therefore, grappled the contracting firm to his bosom with hooks of steel. No wonder that Lord Randolph Churchill, who has been behind the scenes, believes in the possibility of saving some millions a year, without any loss of efficiency, by merely taking means to insure that the nation gets the worth of its money. If such a loose system of contracting at exorbitant rates exists at the Board of Inland Revenue and at the India Office, what guarantee have we that similar laxity does not prevail in every department? It would be absurd to blame contractors for getting as high terms as they can; censure should be reserved for those, whoever they may be, by whose negligence the public money is wasted.

**PRIVATE TALK AND PUBLIC DEBATE.**—During the last year or two a good many politicians have tried to influence opinion by repeating in public things their opponents are said to have stated in private. Some weeks ago we were solemnly assured that Mr. Balfour had announced his intention of doing some of the Irish leaders to death; and now Mr. O'Brien has let out the terrible secret that Mr. Chamberlain once declared his readiness, on certain conditions, to work for the creation of an Irish Republic. Surely we have had about enough of these sensational revelations. In the first place, few persons are capable of reporting a private conversation with perfect correctness. Some qualifying phrase is pretty sure to be omitted; additions are unintentionally made to the original statement; and emphasis is laid on expressions which were not in the first instance meant to be considered important. Besides, sensible men know that weight should not always be attached to assertions made in the course of conversation. Almost every one in the heat of talk says things that do not exactly represent his settled convictions. It may be very wrong to give exaggerated expression to one's ideas or feelings, but we should not be greatly surprised to learn that the offence is one of which even Mr. O'Brien and Mr. Blunt have sometimes been guilty. It is much to be wished, then, that politicians, in attacking opponents, would confine themselves strictly to the consideration of propositions which have been made and defended in public. References to private talk may for a moment give piquancy to discussion, but they are not legitimate weapons. The worst offenders in this respect are Irish Home Rulers, and they may be sure that in England they will not in the long run secure any advantage for their cause by striking below the belt.

**THE CARRIAGE OF FISH.**—A Conference has just been sitting at Fishmongers' Hall to discuss various questions interesting to the fishing industry. The most important point appears to be the charge made by the railway companies for carrying fish, which in some instances is said to be so exorbitant that the poor fishermen receive the most meagre pittance for the labour and peril they have undergone. Seventy-five shillings a ton was now being charged from Scotland to London. The Bill at present before Parliament establishes a mileage rate, not quite uniform, but proportionately somewhat lighter as the distance increases; for example, while it is proposed to charge 6*s.* 8*d.* per ton for

fifty miles, fish would be conveyed fourteen times that distance, or 700 miles, for 42*s.* 6*d.* In this industry the foreigner has the pull over the native because he brings his fish to market by sea. The Scandinavian skipper can deliver his cargo in London at a cost of about 10*s.* a ton, while the Irish and Scotch fishermen have to pay a freight of nearly 4*l.* Without arguing whether the railway companies ought not to be compelled to reduce their freight-charges as regards this industry, might not something be done by private enterprise? The Swedish and Norwegian fishermen are obliged to bring their produce to London by water if they bring it at all, but why should not some of our capitalists—who are so ready to risk their money in various hazardous schemes—venture some of their savings in establishing properly-equipped steamers to pick up fish-cargoes from the remoter ports of Scotland and Ireland? The system already exists in the North Sea; but possibly (we speak under correction) the catches on the Western Coasts of Ireland or Scotland are neither large enough nor regular enough to warrant such a method. Still, the experiment is worth trying, and if carried out on the lines of Lady Coutts's method at Baltimore, might both prove a commercial success, and put life into the poverty-stricken populations of the Western Coasts of the sister-kingdoms.

**EGYPTIAN FINANCE.**—England's *protégé* on the Nile is not making much progress towards financial stability. Still, there is something of a gain; Sir Evelyn Baring's report for 1887 shows, at all events, that the situation is slightly better than it was at the end of 1886. But so narrow is the margin between expenditure and income that any untoward event of even a minor character would convert the surplus into a deficit. What, then, is to be done to establish a less hazardous state of things? Any increase of taxation would probably do more harm than good, unless it was so devised as to fall exclusively on the wealthy folk at Cairo and Alexandria. As, however, the Khedive lacks nerve to apply the fiscal screw to the governing classes, the idea of augmenting income by that means must be abandoned. The only way, therefore, to solve the problem is reduction of expenditure, but here, also, the limits of prudence seem to be nearly reached. After deducting the enormous interest-charge on the External Debt, the amount left for administrative expenses is not more than sufficient to keep things going in a rough and ready manner. Nor is there yet an opening for reducing the interest-charge by converting the debt to a lower denomination in the Goschen manner. That may come in time, but those who have watched Egyptian securities for the last twelve months are aware that they have remained nearly stationary, apart from temporary fluctuations. Sir Evelyn Baring would have recourse to more borrowing, to develop the resources of the country. This is a somewhat paradoxical way of getting out of debt, and we question whether it would be found to answer. There is, however, one method by which—could the consent of our Government be obtained—the expenditure might be sensibly reduced. After what Lord Salisbury said the other night about Suakim, there can be no farther question that the place is kept, not by reason of its being any value to Egypt, but to prevent it from again becoming a slave depot. This being the case, it is entirely inequitable that John Bull should compel the fellaheen to pay for his hobby.

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In consequence of the continuous and increasing demand for this popular picture, from a painting by Sir J. E. Millais, R.A., executed expressly for, and issued with, "THE GRAPHIC" CHRISTMAS NUMBER of 1880, it has now, for the second time, been

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**BRIGHTON & SOUTH COAST RAILWAY.**—The availability of Ordinary Return Tickets to and from the Seaside, &c., will be extended as usual over the Easter Holidays, and this will also include the Special Cheap Saturday to Monday Tickets. On Thursday a 14 day excursion to Paris, by the picturesque route via Dieppe and Rouen, will be run from London by a Special Day Service, and also by the Ordinary Night Service.  
On Good Friday and Easter Sunday Day Trips, at greatly reduced Excursion Fares, will be run from London to Brighton, Worthing, Portsmouth, the Isle of Wight, Lewes, Eastbourne, Bexhill, St. Leonards, and Hastings. Special Saturday to Tuesday Tickets will also be issued from London to Brighton, Portsmouth, and the Isle of Wight.  
Extra Trains will be run to and from London, as required by the Traffic, to the Crystal Palace Grand Sacred Concert on Good Friday, and the Holiday Entertainments on Easter Monday.  
On Easter Monday Special Cheap Excursions will be run from London to Brighton, Worthing, Portsmouth, the Isle of Wight, St. Leonards, and Hastings.  
For the Volunteer Review at Eastbourne on Easter Monday Special Trains will be run from London, Brighton, Hastings, Tunbridge Wells, &c.  
On Easter Tuesday Cheap Day Trips will be run from London to Brighton and Worthing.  
The Brighton Company announce that their West End Offices, 28, Regent Circus, Piccadilly, and 8, Grand Hotel Buildings, Trafalgar Square, will remain open until 10.0 p.m. on the evening of Wednesday, Thursday, and Saturday for the sale of the Special Cheap Tickets and Ordinary Tickets to all parts of the Line, at the same fares as charged at London Bridge and Victoria.

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For EASTER, CHEAP TICKETS WILL BE ISSUED by the GREAT EASTERN RAILWAY CO., via Harwich Route, enabling holiday-makers to visit the Belgian Ardennes, Holland, and the Rhine.  
Passengers leaving London and the North on Wednesday or Thursday can reach the Ardennes early the next afternoon, and return on Monday, arriving in London and the North on Tuesday.  
The Great Eastern Railway Company have arranged, in conjunction with the General Steam Navigation Company, a Special Excursion to Hamburg at single fares for the return journey.  
Passengers will leave Liverpool Street Station at 8 p.m. on Thursday, 29th inst., and Park Street Quay at 10 p.m. by one of the G. S. N. Co.'s Passenger Steamers, arriving in Hamburg on Saturday morning, and return from Hamburg on Sunday evening, being due in London on Tuesday morning.  
After Easter the G. S. N. Co.'s Boats will run from Harwich (Park Street Quay) to Hamburg every Wednesday and Saturday.

**EASTER ARRANGEMENTS.—LONDON, BRIGHTON, AND SOUTH COAST RAILWAY.**—ALL ORDINARY RETURN TICKETS will be extended as usual.  
The Cheap Saturday to Monday Tickets issued to or from London and the Seaside on Saturday, March 31st, will be available for return on Monday, Tuesday, or Wednesday, April 1, 2, 3, and 4.  
EXTRA TRAINS FOR ISLE OF WIGHT.—The 4.55 p.m. train from Victoria and London Bridge will convey passengers for Ryde, Sandown, Shanklin, Ventnor, Newport, and Cowes, on March 29th and 31st (First, Second, and Third Class).

**PARIS AT EASTER.—SPECIAL CHEAP EXCURSION.**  
THURSDAY, March 29.—Leaving London Bridge 8.10 a.m. and 8.0 p.m., and Victoria 8.0 a.m. and 7.50 p.m.  
Returning from Paris 8.50 p.m. on any day up to and including Wednesday, April 11. Fares—First Class, 38*s.* Second Class, 29*s.*

**BRIGHTON.—GOOD FRIDAY AND EASTER SUNDAY.**—A CHEAP FIRST CLASS TRAIN from Victoria, 10.45 a.m. and 12.15 p.m., calling at Clapham Junction and Croydon. Day Return Tickets, 10*s.*

**BRIGHTON.—SATURDAY TO TUESDAY.**—SPECIAL CHEAP TRAINS, SATURDAY, March 31st, from Victoria, 2.0 p.m., calling at Clapham Junction; from Kensington, 1.50 p.m., calling at West Brompton, Chelsea, and Battersea; from London Bridge 2.15 p.m., calling at New Cross, Norwood Junction, and East Croydon.  
Returning only on the following Tuesday, and then only by the 7.10 p.m. Train. Fare 5*s.*

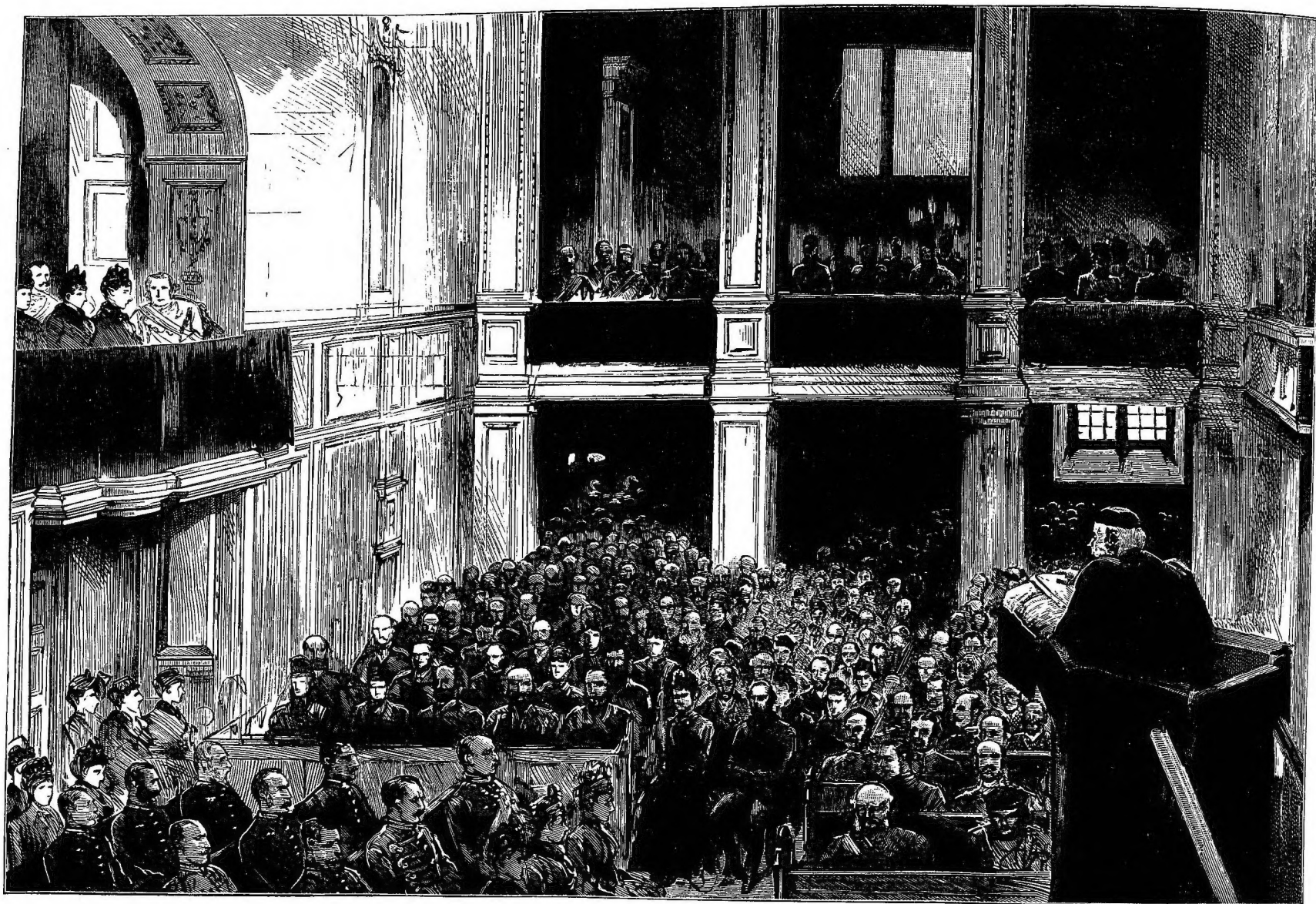
**PORTSMOUTH AND THE ISLE OF WIGHT, SATURDAY TO TUESDAY.**—SPECIAL CHEAP TRAINS, SATURDAY, March 31st, from Victoria, 1.0 p.m., calling at Clapham Junction; from Kensington 1.45 p.m., from London Bridge 2.40 p.m. Returning by certain trains only the following Tuesday evening.

**SPECIAL CHEAP DAY EXCURSIONS.—GOOD FRIDAY, EASTER SUNDAY AND MONDAY.** From London Bridge and Victoria to Brighton, Worthing, Portsmouth, Isle of Wight, Lewes, and Hastings.

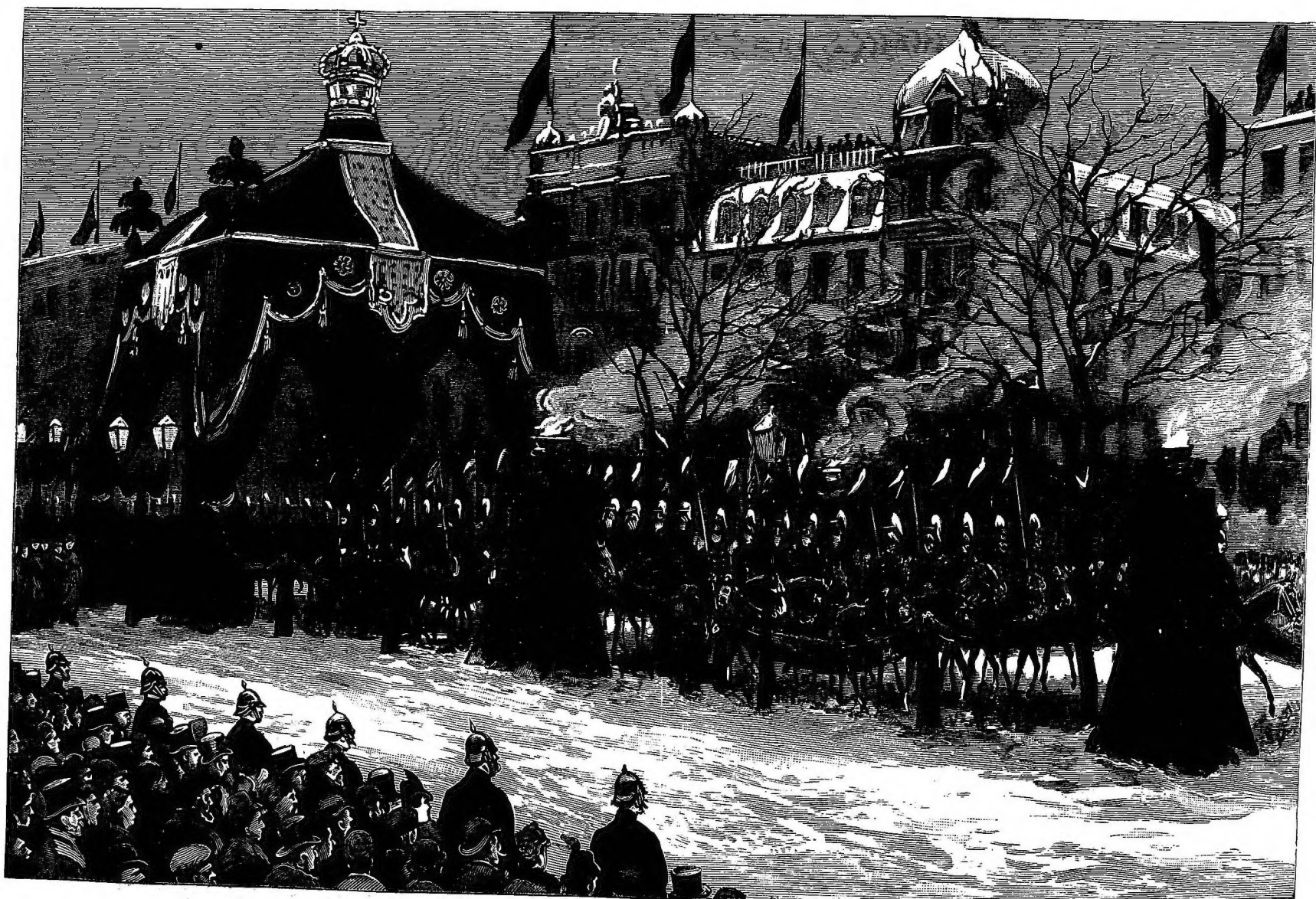
**CRYSTAL PALACE.—GOOD FRIDAY.—GRAND SACRED CONCERT.**—FREQUENT DIRECT TRAINS DAILY to the Crystal Palace, from London Bridge, New Cross; also from Victoria, Kensington (Addison Road), West Brompton, Chelsea, and Clapham Junction.

**BRANCH BOOKING OFFICES.**—For the convenience of passengers who may desire to take their tickets in advance, the following Branch Booking Offices, in addition to those at the Victoria and London Bridge Stations, are now open for the issue of Tickets to all Stations on the London, Brighton, and South Coast Railway, to the Isle of Wight, Paris, and the Continent, &c.  
Hays' City Agency, 4 Royal Exchange Buildings, E.C.  
Cook's, Tourist Offices, Ludgate Circus and Euston Road.  
Gaze's Tourist Offices, 142, Strand.  
Jenkins' Offices, Red Cap, Camden Road, and 95, Leadenhall Street.  
Tickets issued at these Offices will be dated to suit the convenience of passengers, & these Two Offices will remain open until 10.0 p.m. on March 28th, 29th, and 31st.  
For full particulars of times, fares, &c., see Handbills, to be had at all Stations and at any of the above Branch Booking Offices.  
(By Order) A. SARLE, Secretary and General Manager.



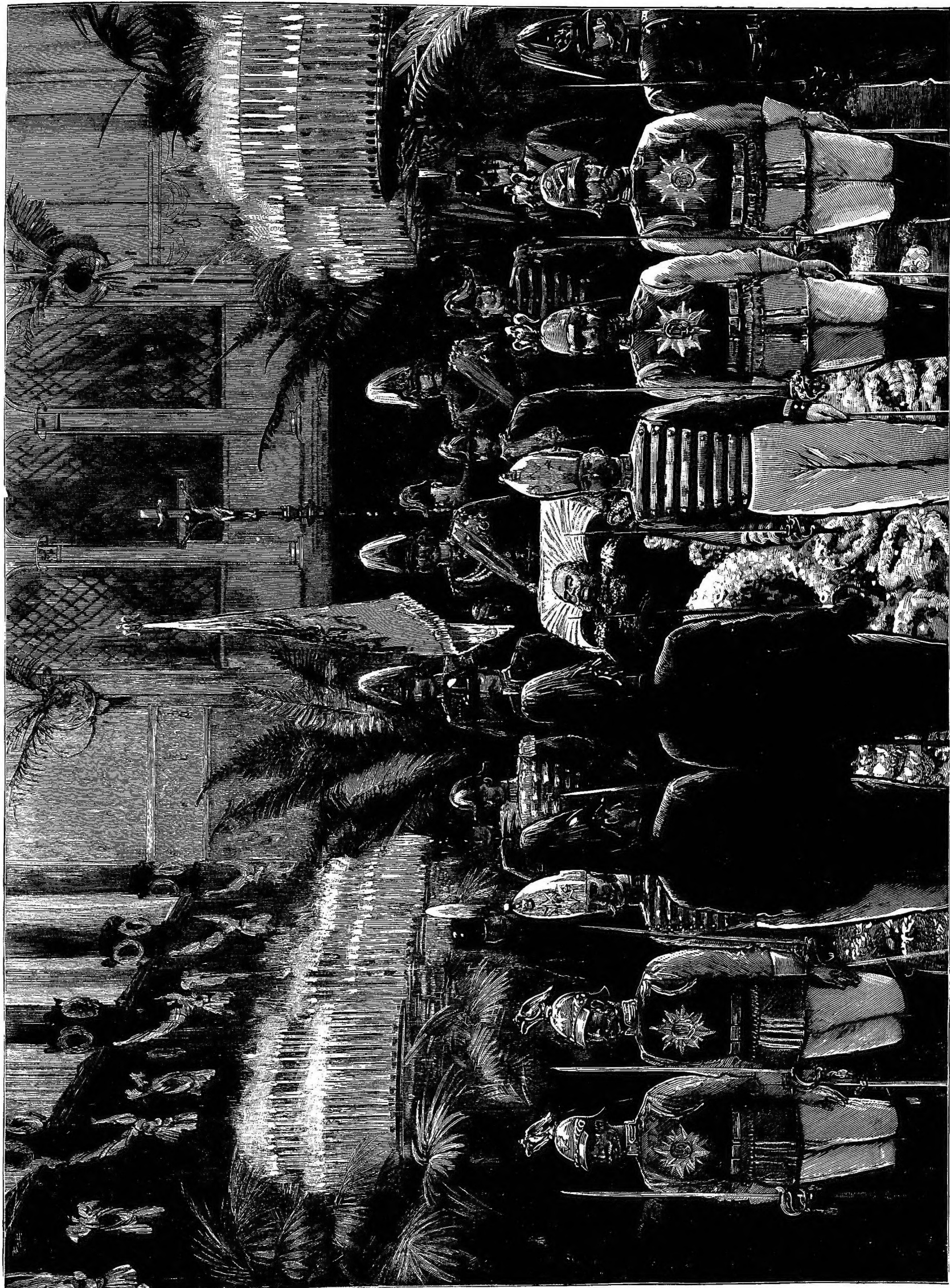


THE MEMORIAL SERVICE AT THE GERMAN CHAPEL ROYAL, ST. JAMES'S PALACE, LONDON



THE PROCESSION PASSING THROUGH THE FUNERAL ARCH IN UNTER DEN LINDEN, BERLIN  
 THE DEATH OF THE EMPEROR WILLIAM  
 FROM SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTISTS





THE FUNERAL OF THE LATE EMPEROR WILLIAM AT BERLIN—THE LYING IN STATE IN THE CATHEDRAL  
FROM A SKETCH BY ONE OF OUR SPECIAL ARTISTS



**CRUISE to the AZORES, CANARY ISLANDS, MADEIRA, &c.**—On her Return from the Mediterranean, the Steam Yacht "VICTORIA," 1,804 Tons register, 1,500 Horse Power, R. D. Lunham, Commander (late of steam yacht "Ceylon"), will, on April 28 be despatched from Tilbury Dock for a 30 days' cruise as above. The "VICTORIA" is fitted with the Electric Light, and all modern improvements.

**SUMMER AND AUTUMN CRUISES, 1888.**  
 and JUNE for 16 days' cruise to the NORWEGIAN FIORDS.  
 1st JUNE for 25 days' cruise to the LAND OF THE MIDNIGHT SUN.  
 1st JULY for 16 days' cruise to the NORWEGIAN FIORDS.  
 1st AUGUST for 16 days' cruise to the NORWEGIAN FIORDS.  
 1st AUGUST for 30 days' cruise to the BALTIC.  
 About 1st NOVEMBER Next it is proposed to make a CRUISE ROUND THE WORLD.—For Particulars apply to MANAGER, Steamer Yacht "VICTORIA," Office, Carlton Chambers, 4, Regent Street, London, S.W.

**TO LITERARY CONTRIBUTORS.**—In order to save trouble and disappointment the Editor begs to state that he has already on hand an ample supply of both LONG and SHORT STORIES for a considerable time to come.



### THE FUNERAL OF THE EMPEROR WILLIAM AT BERLIN

OUR article last week carried the narrative of the events connected with the death of the late German Emperor down to the eve of the funeral, so that with regard to some of our sketches we need only repeat that throughout the few days preceding the Emperor's death the streets of Berlin were crowded with anxious enquirers for the latest bulletins, and that the Emperor Frederick arrived at Charlottenburg from San Remo on the evening of Sunday week, being met by the Crown Prince, a great crowd assembling at the station in order to greet their new Kaiser. At midnight of the same day the late Emperor's remains were removed from the Palace to the Cathedral, where they were to lie in state for the next four days. The removal of the body had been delayed in case the new Emperor should be able to pay a last visit to his father, but the bitter weather rendered this impossible. The coffin was borne from the Palace to the Cathedral by stalwart non-commissioned officers, amid a dense crowd of bystanders, and the whole scene presented a weird and solemn picture. To quote the words of the *Times*:—"The dirgeful tolling of the midnight bells, the fierce wind and whirling snow, the ghastly torch flaring in the hand of every fifth soldier along the ranks, hedging in on either side the line of route, the mute uncovered multitude, the muffled tread of the military escort, the grief-stricken Princes, and the shoulder-borne coffin covered with a simple sable pall,—all elements combined to make up an historic scene which will never be effaced from the memories of those who saw it." The coffin was followed by the Crown Prince and other Royal mourners, and on arriving at the Cathedral was received by the Court clergy, and placed on a catafalque in front of the altar.

#### THE LYING IN STATE

THE catafalque was covered with a rich pall of purple velvet, flanked on either side by three huge candelabra, while on tabourets were placed cushions bearing the late Emperor's orders, together with the Prussian Crown, the Imperial sceptre and orb, and other insignia of Royalty. In front were piled masses of the most exquisite floral crosses, wreaths, and devices; last testimonies of love and respect from every Court in Europe. On one side of the coffin kept guard non-commissioned officers of the Berlin garrison, on the other colossal veterans of the Schoss Guard, arrayed in the uniform of Frederick the Great's Potsdam Giants. Before and behind the coffin stood a number of general officers. The late Emperor lay in his General's uniform of the First Regiment of Prussian Foot Guards, with his cloak around him, his undress cap on his head, and his chief war decorations, including the Iron Cross, on his breast. The face, which most of the time was veiled in gauze, wore a pleasing, gentle expression. For four days thousands of people streamed in and out to obtain a last glimpse of their beloved Emperor, many waiting six hours in the bitter wind and driving snow. The crowd was so great that much disorder at first prevailed outside, the police and the soldiers having to resort to stringent measures to restore order. The people, on entering the Cathedral, passed over a species of bridge erected across the middle of the church, being thus enabled to obtain a good view of the late Emperor—the organ playing softly added to the impressiveness of the scene, while the fragrant odours of the masses of flowers heightened the contrast with the bleak and arctic atmosphere outside. Among the various wreaths was a garland of lilies-of-the-valley, roses, and forget-me-nots from his seven great-grand-children, which was tied with a ribbon bearing their names—four sons of the Crown Prince and Princess William, two sons of the Crown Princess of Sweden, daughter of the Grand Duchess of Baden, and little Princess Feodora, only child of the Hereditary Princess of Saxe-Meiningen, eldest daughter of the present German Emperor and Empress. Crown Princess William brought palms to the coffin, so did Prince Henry, with the addition of a wreath of lilies-of-the-valley. More palms came from the King of Roumania, while the Queen sent a laurel crown. Another laurel crown mingled with oak leaves was the gift of the King of Portugal, the Queen sending a wreath of violets. A camellia garland came from the Queen Regent of Spain, camellias and orchids from the Queen of Wurtemberg, and camellias and snowdrops from the French Ambassador in the name of the President.

#### THE PREPARATIONS FOR THE FUNERAL

THROUGHOUT the line of route which the Funeral Procession would take on its way from the Cathedral to the Mausoleum at Charlottenburg, vast and elaborate preparations were made to drape the houses in mourning, and to erect funeral arches. Day and night the workmen laboured to get everything ready in time, until on the eventful morning the whole of Unter den Linden was swathed in black; the street lamps glimmered fitfully through veils of crape; pedestals, connected by bannerets of crape and festoons of evergreens, had been erected. At the entry to the Linden were two pyramids surmounted by urns burning funeral fires. Before the Academy of Arts was a fine apotheosis of the Emperor, while one of the most curious sights were the barges on the canal, which hoisted black sails bordered with white, while at various points were pillars, some sixteen feet high, each supporting a blazing urn. In front of the Military Museum were monumental structures, like altars, bearing trophies of arms and standards. Before the Cathedral, the chief entrance was overshadowed by a magnificent golden baldacchino, while in front stood four gigantic candlesticks of gilded metal, and a copy of the well-known statue of Our Saviour in the act of delivering the Sermon on the Mount.

Amongst other noteworthy decorations we should mention the Opera Platz, where there were four pavilions, draped with black cloth; the base of the statue of Frederick the Great; the Guardhouse, opposite the Emperor's study window, magnificently draped, and forming with a bronze statue of Grief a veritable shrine of mourning; the various public buildings; the Brandenburger Thor swathed in black up to the historic Bronze Chariot, on one side being the

inscription "Vale, Senex Imperator," and on the other, "Gott Segne Deinen Ausgang (God bless thy going out);" and the arch, or pavilion (shown in one of our illustrations) in Unter den Linden at its junction with Friedrichstrasse. This consisted of a species of baldacchino surmounted by an Imperial Crown veiled in crape, while at each corner were immense black plumes. The cornice was of cypress-leaves, with black drapery edged with white, and emblazoned with the Imperial eagles in silver. Inside at each corner were the gilt emblems of Imperial power.

#### THE FUNERAL SERVICE IN THE CATHEDRAL

EARLY on Friday week the late Emperor's coffin was closed in the presence of the Royal Princes, and at noon began the solemn funeral service. The coffin was guarded by soldiers with fixed bayonets or drawn swords. At the coffin's feet stood General von Pape, holding the white silk banner of the Empire, embroidered with a black eagle. On the right was the Emperor's favourite aide-de-camp, Count Lehndorff, and on the left Prince Anton von Radziwill, both with drawn swords. At the head of the coffin, on which lay the black and white plumed helmet of the Hohenzollerns, was a tabouret with the Royal Crown; while other tabourets, before each of which stood a high official, bore the orb of the Empire the sword of the realm, and the remaining insignia. In a semicircle before the coffin were the Royal and Imperial mourners, the German Crown Prince and his brother Henry, the Kings of Saxony, Roumania, and of the Belgians; the Prince of Wales and his son, Prince Albert Victor; the Duke of Cambridge, and the Crown Princes of Russia, Sweden, Austria, Greece, Italy, and Denmark, together with numberless other scions of Royalty. Still further back was a great congregation of officers of State, of diplomatists, of warriors, though the well-known forms of the Emperor's great colleagues in his career, Prince Bismarck and Count von Moltke, were absent. In a Royal pew at the side were the Empress Victoria, the Grand Duchess of Baden, the Queen of Roumania, the Crown Princess of Sweden, the Princess Frederick Charles, and other Princesses of the Royal House. Punctually at the stroke of twelve, Herr Stocker began the Funeral Service by reading out several passages of Scripture, and it is an interesting fact that the texts had been selected by the Emperor himself, being chosen alternately from the Old and the New Testaments. First came a word of prayer from the Old Testament, then a promise from the New Testament, and finally a rejoicing over its fulfilment. After hymns had been sung and prayer offered, a touching discourse was pronounced by the Court Chaplain, Dr. Kögel, who had so soothed the Emperor in his dying moments. Taking as a text the verse, "Lord, now lettest Thou Thy servant depart in peace, according to Thy word; for mine eyes have seen Thy salvation," the preacher referred to the virtues of the late Emperor, and dwelt upon the universal grief which his death had aroused—not merely in the Fatherland, but throughout the world. Though the Emperor had exceeded the allotted age of fourscore years by ten years and more, "Like Moses, his eye did not darken, his forces did not fail. 'I have no time to be tired' were almost his last words. . . . And now," concluded the preacher, "the funeral procession is about to wind its way to Charlottenburg to the quiet grave of his father and mother, to the mother who dying blessed him with a loving hand, to the father who was an example of probity to him." The hymn, "Wenn Ich einmal soll Scheiden," which the Emperor on his death-bed had pronounced to be so beautiful, was then sung. Dr. Kögel pronounced the benediction over the coffin, and a rattling crash of musketry salutes outside proclaimed the service to be over. The coffin was then taken up by twelve colonels, aided by as many sergeants, and borne to the hearse outside.

#### THE PROCESSION

FROM the earliest hour the streets had been densely thronged by a countless crowd, eager to secure places for the pageant and undeterred by some of the most bitter winter weather which even Berlin has ever experienced. It was not before one o'clock, however, that the procession started from the Cathedral. At its head rode a squadron of hussars, and then followed detachment after detachment of cavalry, infantry, and artillery—the bands playing funeral marches or beating their muffled drums—the First Regiment of Guards wearing the uniform of Frederick the Great's time. Just before the hearse walked Dr. Kögel and eleven clergymen, a number of pages and household officials, and the great Ministers of State bearing the Royal insignia. The hearse was open, and was drawn by twelve horses, each being led by a Colonel of the Staff, the corners of the pall were held by four Knights of the Black Eagle, and the baldacchino was held over the coffin by twelve Major-Generals. Behind the hearse came the Emperor's favourite charger, and next General Pape with the banner of the Empire. Prince William then walked alone, representing his father as chief mourner, and he was followed by the three Kings walking abreast, and behind them the Prince of Wales and the other Crown Princes walking four abreast. After the Princes of the Blood came the foreign envoys, the deceased Emperor's Adjutants and Staff Generals, and then a great throng of military and civil dignitaries and functionaries, and of deputations from provincial governments, municipalities, and public bodies—two battalions with music closing up the rear. When the procession had passed the Brandenburger Thor—through which the Emperor was wont to drive almost daily, and through which he was now passing for the last time, and had reached the Thiergarten, a halt was made, and the Royal and other high personages left the line and entered carriages to drive to Charlottenburg where they joined the procession again at the Mausoleum.

#### THE FINAL SERVICE AT THE MAUSOLEUM

WHEN the procession arrived at the Mausoleum the Royal mourners had preceded it. It had been hoped almost to the last that the Emperor Frederick would have been able to attend this portion of his father's obsequies, but Sir Morell Mackenzie interposed his veto, so that the Emperor could only watch the arrival of the solemn procession from the window, whence he acknowledged the salutes of the distinguished mourners as they passed by. The concluding service in the Mausoleum was very brief. The coffin was placed upon a low platform, between the monuments of King Frederick William III. and Queen Louisa, and after Dr. Kögel had offered up a concluding prayer, "Blessed is the Man that Resisteth Temptation," and the Lord's Prayer, he pronounced the benediction, first over the remains, and then over the whole Imperial family, and a salute of 101 guns announced that the last honours had been paid to William I., German Emperor and King of Prussia. The Mausoleum in which the Emperor has been laid is situated at the end of an avenue in the park, and was built in the Doric style by Schinkel. It contains two halls, in the inner and larger of which are the monuments, finely sculptured by Rauch, of the late Emperor's parents, reception of their son's remains—the late Emperor having wished his last resting place to be there. When in Berlin the late Emperor never failed to make pilgrimage to the Mausoleum on June 7 and July 19, the anniversaries of his parents' deaths.

#### THE EMPEROR FREDERICK'S LAST LOOK AT HIS OLD QUARTERS

OUR illustration is from a sketch by our special artist "Mars," and is a faithful reproduction of the room which, for four months, formed the sick room and study of the Emperor Frederick in the Villa Zirio, San Remo, before the death of the late Emperor summoned

him to leave his semi-retirement, and assume the arduous duties of an Imperial Monarch. Though compelled to lead a quiet life, he led by no means an inactive one—as when able to do so rose early in the morning for his cold bath, taking exercise afterwards, and then diligently attended to an interminable correspondence.

#### THE MEMORIAL SERVICE AT THE GERMAN CHAPEL ROYAL, ST. JAMES'S PALACE

ON Sunday, a solemn Funeral Service, in memory of the German Emperor, was celebrated in the German Chapel Royal, St. James's Palace. This Chapel was originally built as a Chapel of Ease to Marlborough House, but the late resident Royal worshipper there was Queen Adelaide. There is nothing remarkable from an architectural point of view either in or outside the Chapel—the only show of ornamentation being the panelling on the arched plaster roof. A large congregation on Sunday crowded the church, of which the chancel rails, the pulpit, reading-desk, and the front of the galleries were draped in black. Palms, ferns, and lilies filled the chancel, and wax tapers burned on the Communion table. Amongst the Royal personages were Prince George of Wales, Prince and Princess Henry of Battenberg (who represented the Queen), the Duchess of Albany, the Duchess Paul of Mecklenburg, and the Duke of Teck. There were also present many members of the Diplomatic body, and a number of well-known statesmen, including Lord Salisbury. The organist, Mr. F. Weber, first played Chopin's "Funeral March," and then a Special Service was held, being conducted by the Rev. Doctor Walbaum, the Chaplain to the German Embassy. During the service Dr. Walbaum read the proclamation drawn up in Berlin for use in similar funeral services conducted in different parts of Europe, announcing the Emperor's death, and then preached an eloquent sermon, taking for his text an extract from the Parable of the Vineyard, "So when even was come the Lord of the vineyard saith unto his Steward, 'Call the labourers and give them their hire, beginning from the first, even unto the last.'" The preacher dwelt upon the virtues of the late Emperor, and asked whether, "now that his evening had closed upon the fulfilment of his task there was not every reason to hope that his Lord and Master had given him his just reward." After the sermon the service was continued, including hymns, readings from the Scriptures, and the "Pauline Essay upon the Resurrection of the Dead," Mr. Weber playing during the service the "Largo" from Graun's "Der Tod Jesu," the "Funeral March" from Beethoven's "Eroica Symphony," a "Preghiera" by F. Weber, and the "Dead March in Saul."

#### THE ROYAL MARRIAGE AT BOURNEMOUTH

THE marriage of H.R.H. Prince Oscar of Sweden and Norway and Mdle. Ebba Henrietta Munck took place at Bournemouth on March 15th. The civil ceremony was conducted privately at the Registrar's office, Christchurch, at 10.30 A.M., only four persons being present besides the bride and bridegroom. The religious service took place at St. Stephen's, Bournemouth, at 12.30. The church was crammed long beforehand, except the seats reserved for the Royal party, and thousands of sightseers assembled in the thoroughfares outside. The weather was most favourable, being mild, bright, and spring-like. The church was beautifully decorated with flowers, the Swedish national colours, dark blue and dark yellow, being exhibited as much as possible. The Royalities present at the wedding were the Queen of Sweden and her sons, Princes Carl and Eugene, the Crown Princess of Denmark, and the Duchess of Albany. Count Piper, the Swedish Ambassador, represented the King of Sweden, and the bride was escorted up the church by her cousin, Colonel Munck. She appeared at the church door clothed in white, with a crown of myrtle on her head, according to Swedish fashion. Her dress was of rich ivory satin, with train, and a long white veil. She carried a bouquet of beautiful flowers. The bridegroom wore the full uniform of a Commander of the Swedish Navy, and bore three stars on his breast. The service, which was in the Swedish language, was conducted by Pastor Gustaf Beskow, one of the Court Chaplains at Stockholm. Immediately after the singing of the psalm, "I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills," Pastor Beskow delivered an exhortation to the bride and bridegroom as they stood before him. The giving of the ring took up more time than in our service, as both bride and bridegroom hold the ring while they pledge their troth before the ring is placed on the finger of the bride. Two hymns were sung, "Jesus is my best friend," and "How welcome was the call," the ceremony concluding with Mendelssohn's "Wedding March." As Prince Oscar and his wife quitted the church, he wore his sword which, during the ceremony, had been entrusted to the care of one of his brothers. Then followed a luncheon at Crag Head, where the Queen of Sweden is staying, to which about fifty guests were invited, among whom were the Bishop of Winchester and Mrs. Harold Browne. An emblematic design of two hearts entwined was a conspicuous feature on the breakfast table. The newly-wedded pair afterwards started on their honeymoon trip. They propose returning for a time to Bournemouth, and will then proceed to their Swedish home at Carlsrona.—Our artist desires to express his thanks for the courtesy shown to him by Mr. W. A. Masterman, Oriental House, the churchwarden of St. Stephen's, Bournemouth.

#### THE VILLA PALMIERI

SHORTLY after leaving the Porta de San Gallo, which is the nearest gate of Florence in that direction, one sees the Villa Palmieri, with its frescoed walls, terraces, pleasant grounds and walks, situated on a rising slope, where the elevation gives it a good prospect over the fair city of Florence, and towards the hill-side of Fiesole. This hill-side is clothed in wood, and dotted here and there with villas. The place looks especially lovely in the spring-time. Our first illustration (which is from a sketch by Major-General Robley, Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders) shows the drive to the gate, the house embowered with bosky trees, the terrace, lawn, arbours, and walks, as seen from this approach.

The Villa Palmieri, which is now the property of the Dowager Countess of Crawford, and which has been lent by her to the Queen for her use while in Florence, originally belonged to the ancient family of the Palmieri. In 1824 it was sold by the then owners, two old Palmieri brothers, to a Miss Farhill, an Englishwoman, who, after inhabiting it for thirty years, bequeathed it to the then reigning Grand Duchess of Tuscany. The Grand Duchess, after her exile from Tuscany, sold it in 1874 to the late Earl of Crawford. The earliest name by which it was known was "The Villa dei Tre Visi." By universal tradition the Villa Palmieri is assigned as the place in which in 1348 Boccaccio laid the scene of his "Decamerone." An old inscription on a pillar in the courtyard states that in 1469 Matteo Palmieri enlarged the Villa. Two centuries later, in 1667, Palmiero Palmieri embellished and adorned it. Matteo Palmieri, who was a man of great note and learning, employed Sandro Botticelli in 1470 to paint for him the great picture, now in the National Gallery of London, of the "Coronation of the Virgin." Owing to a supposed heresy in the treatment of the heavenly hierarchy, the Chapel in San Pietro Maggiore, over the altar of which the picture was hung, was laid under interdict. The picture itself was first covered, and afterwards removed to the Villa, where it lay hidden for many years. Finally, it was sold in the beginning of this century, and became part of the famous Hamilton collection sold in 1882, when this most interesting picture was purchased for the nation.—Our other illustrations (representing interior views) are from photographs by Mr. T. Alfred Spence, of Fiesole.



## "THE MYSTERY OF MIRBRIDGE"

A NEW STORY by James Payn, illustrated by George Du Maurier, is continued on page 317.

## SKATING DRILL IN HOLLAND

IN Holland, where the winters are more persistently and uniformly cold than here, skateable ice is not an occasional luxury, but a regular feature of the winter season. Everybody skates, not only for pleasure, but also in the way of business; in fact, it is the easiest way of getting about from place to place. In such a watery country as Holland, it is very important that the soldiers should be able to perform their evolutions on the ice as well as on *terra firma*; and therefore, as soon as the ice is strong enough, the soldiers are ordered to exercise on it in the uniform and equipments they are usually drilled in—viz., shako, overcoat, knapsack, with full-dress coat on top, musket, and spade or axe. The men do not seem to be hindered much by their muskets in their movements. Of course, only the men who can skate are ordered for this sort of service; but they nearly all can do so. It takes a good deal of training to keep time and the proper distances, and of course the ice has to be smooth. If it is too rough to exercise on, it is good enough for marches, outpost duty, and little sham-fights on skates.—Our engraving is from a sketch by Mr. J. Hoynck, of 35, Boompjes, Rotterdam.

## FAREWELL VISIT OF AYUB KHAN TO GENERAL M'LEAN,

See page 327.

## A PAGE OF PORTRAITS,

FOR the biographies of the personages whose portraits we engrave on page 328, see page 326.

THE SILVER WEDDING PRESENTS.—We were in error when we stated last week that the Album was a present to the Prince and Princess from their Windsor tradesmen only. Mr. W. Johnson, of Messrs. Lincoln and Bennett, the honorary secretary, informs us that it was a richly-illuminated address in book-form with massive silver backs, and enclosed in an oak case, and it bore the names of some three hundred and twenty subscribers residing in various parts of the country who hold the warrant of appointment as tradesmen to their Royal Highnesses.



POLITICAL ITEMS.—Sir Henry James, as the guest of the Liberal Union Club, on Tuesday (Viscount Wolmer, M.P., presiding), made a cheerful and vigorous speech, in which he protested strenuously against Mr. Gladstone's determined and persistent concealment of his new Home Rule scheme. When, Sir Henry James said, the next General Election comes, the constituencies will be asked whether the legislative union between Great Britain and Ireland is to continue. Ought not the constituencies to know what will be the measure proposed for that purpose? It cannot be premature for a Minister who brought forward a measure which was admitted to be a failure to assure the constituencies whether the next measure will be equally a failure and equally defective. We ask that this measure shall be disclosed and laid bare.—On Wednesday Lord Hartington spoke at Carlisle, Sir Michael Hicks-Beach when opening a Primrose League branch in Whitechapel, and Sir George Trevelyan at Whitechapel. Lord Hartington expressed his candid approval of the policy and administration of the Government. The Local Government Bill, he said, would satisfy the English people, but its principle could not be applied to Ireland, until that could be done with safety. Sir Michael Hicks-Beach pointed to the Bill as a proof of the determination of the Conservatives to pursue a course of energetic reform, and even Sir George Trevelyan spoke of it as "a great measure," which it was the duty of the Gladstonians to aid the Government in passing.—On Wednesday also Lord Rosebery presided at the third annual meeting of the Imperial Federation League, indicating the progress which its object had made, and in the evening at a dinner given by the League to Lord Stanley of Preston, the new Governor-General of Canada, who responded to the toast of "The Empire."—The Birmingham Town Council have unanimously resolved to present Mr. Chamberlain with the honorary freedom of the town in recognition both of his successful negotiation of the Fisheries Treaty and of his services to Birmingham. A still more striking tribute to his success as a negotiator is the dinner to be given him by the Devonshire Club on Monday, April 9, at which Lord Granville himself is to preside, and several prominent members of both sections of the Liberal party have promised to be present.—In order to terminate the split in the Gladstonian party in West Glamorgan, mentioned in our last issue, Sir Horace Davey has withdrawn his candidature. Nevertheless, Mr. Llewellyn (C) still intends to contest the seat, and has issued his address. He and Mr. Randall, the Gladstonian labour-candidate, were nominated on Wednesday. The Marquis of Granby was elected without opposition M.P. for the Melton division of Leicestershire.

A CONFERENCE convened by the National Sea Fisheries Protection Association met this week at Fishmongers' Hall, one of its chief objects being to promote the passing of a measure now awaiting a second reading, the Railway (Carriage of Common Kinds of Fish) Rates Bill. Sir E. Birkbeck, M.P., who presided, said that the Bill, which did not deal with the more costly kinds of fish, was intended to benefit the masses and to stimulate a very important and suffering trade by facilitating the distribution of wholesome food and securing uniformity of charge. The Association had received abundant evidence as to the enormous waste of fish, thousands of tons being thrown overboard or disposed of for manure because the excessive railway charges prevented its distribution. The railway rates for fish in 1886 had averaged from 44 to 68 per cent. of the wholesale market price. A resolution in favour of the Bill was adopted.

AT A MEETING held in the Mansion House, in connection with the British Section of the Paris Exhibition, 1889 (in centennial celebration of the first French Revolution), and influentially attended, a resolution moved by Lord Brassey and seconded by Sir Bernhard Samuelson, M.P., in favour of an adequate representation at it of British manufacturers was adopted. The Lord Mayor, who presided, said that his prominent position in the movement had been taken with the tacit consent of the Government, which had promised him every assistance.

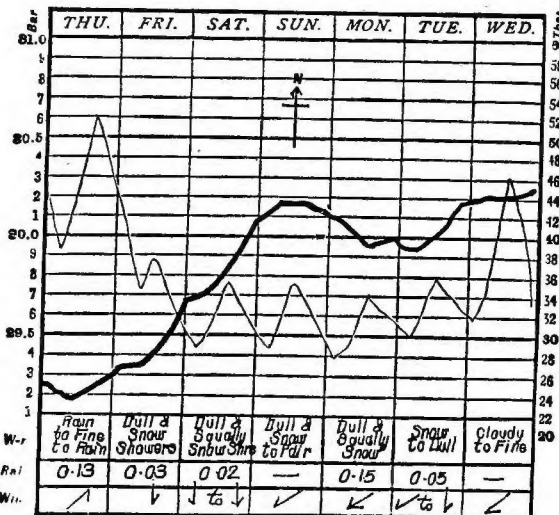
MISCELLANEOUS.—Fifteen hundred pounds have been raised for a life-size statue of the late Mr. W. E. Forster, to be placed on the Thames Embankment in face of the School Board offices.—In consequence of the great difficulty frequently experienced in procuring suitable rifle-ranges, the Secretary of State for War has authorised the Volunteers, subject to certain conditions which include his sanction of sites, to make use of artificial ranges on the gallery, screened, or underground systems.—The late Lord

Lyons does not seem to have found diplomacy so ruinous to his private fortune as Lord Augustus Loftus has represented it to be in his case. Lord Lyons' personality alone has been declared at 114,278l.—The date originally fixed having been altered, the Gedachtniss Fair of the late Emperor William will be held by the German Societies of London this (Saturday) evening, in Exeter Hall, when Professor Max Müller will deliver an address.

OUR OBITUARY records the death in his fifty-ninth year, of Lord Annaly, Liberal M.P. for Longford, 1861-2, for Kidderminster 1862-5, and a junior Lord of the Treasury 1862-6; in his seventy-fourth year, of Mr. George Storer, and in his sixty-seventh year of Mr. Thomas Hildyard, who died within a few hours of each other, after having, as Conservatives, conjointly represented South Notts from 1874 to 1885; in his seventy-fourth year, of General Henry C. Van Cortlandt, who originally, in the military service of Runjeet Sing, commanded the Sikh troops co-operating with the British force in the Afghan war of 1841, and subsequently entering the service of the Anglo-Indian Government, distinguished himself in the suppression of the Indian Mutiny; in his fifty-second year, of Major-General Walton, late of the Royal Artillery; in his fifty-fifth year, of Colonel Farquharson, of Invercauld, who served in the Scots Fusiliers at the siege of Sebastopol, and was severely wounded; in his seventy-third year, of Sir Charles Packer, late Chief Justice of Barbadoes; in his forty-eighth year, of Mr. William P. Binney, British Consul at Syria; in his fifty-second year, of Mr. Thomas Joyce, first British Consular Agent at Tanta, Egypt; in his eightieth year, of Dr. T. D. Hume, late Inspector-General of Army Hospitals; in his eighty-second year, of the Right Rev. Dr. Wilson, since 1859 Bishop of the Scotch Episcopal Diocese of Glasgow and Galloway; of Dr. Charles E. Wilson, for many years H.M.'s Chief Inspector of Schools in Scotland; in his eighty-second year, of Mr. James Hogg, the former publisher of Edinburgh periodicals to which De Quincey contributed; and in or about his 80th year, of Mr. T. E. Harrison, engineer-in-chief to the North Eastern Railway Company, who with Robert Stephenson, designed the high level bridge between Newcastle and Gateshead, and other great railway undertakings.

## WEATHER CHART

FOR THE WEEK ENDING WEDNESDAY, MARCH 21, 1888



EXPLANATION.—The thick line shows the variations in the height of the barometer during the week ending Wednesday midnight (21st inst.). The thin line shows the shade temperature for the same interval, and gives the maximum and minimum readings for each day, with the (approximate) time at which they occurred. The information is furnished to us by the Meteorological Office.

REMARKS.—The weather of the past week was of a changeable and inclement character, showers of snow falling frequently in most places, with high and very searching North-Easterly winds over the greater part of England. At the commencement of the time a depression lay over Ireland, and subsequently moved South-Eastwards, and gradually filled up. During its progress South-Easterly gales were felt along our North-Eastern and Northern Coasts, with a good deal of snow, but in the South-West the winds were South-Westerly, and the weather mild. On Friday (16th inst.) a large area of low pressure stretched from the Bay of Biscay to Holland, and after moving away Eastwards partially filled up. The winds, which had drawn into North-East and North, still blew strongly in most places, while the weather continued cold, with snow at times, over the greater part of the country. After Saturday (17th inst.), the mercury rose quickly in the North of our Islands, but as it remained fairly steady elsewhere, the gradients for North-Easterly winds became steeper over the North Sea and the South-Eastern portion of England, with decreasing temperature and frequent showers of snow in many places. At the close of the week the barometer was giving way in the North, and the wind there had backed to the South-Westward, and freshened, with cloudy weather, but elsewhere the sky had cleared, and temperature increased somewhat. Taken as a whole temperature was several degrees below the average generally. Frost was reported on most days from the majority of our stations, but was not severe anywhere except over Scotland and Central Ireland. In this latter locality the thermometer fell to 22°, while in the first named region a reading as low as 12° was recorded. Maxima over Southern England during the last half of the week were only a degree or two above the freezing point.

The barometer was highest (30.24 inches) on Wednesday (21st inst.); lowest (29.20 inches) on Thursday (15th inst.); range 1.04 inch. The temperature was highest (52°) on Thursday (15th inst.); lowest (28°) on Monday (10th inst.); range 24°. Rain fell on five days. Total fall 0.38 in. Greatest fall on any one day 0.15 in. on Monday (10th inst.).

HIRING OUT LIVE STOCK TO COTTAGERS.—Several of our leading agriculturists are taking up this idea with a will. In Somerset and Devon a subscription is now on foot to raise 1,000l. in order to buy 100 cows, to be let out at 50s. a head. The 1,000l. is already, we believe, about half subscribed, and the men working the idea have a practical knowledge of the matter, arguing well for the success of any agricultural scheme which they may take in hand. Not only would landlords do a good deal to help their struggling tenants by this plan, but it is by no means unlikely that they would make a fair profit on their capital invested in the stock let out.

THE ROYAL HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY is on the point of moving from South Kensington to its new, though perhaps temporary, home at 111, Victoria Street, where its offices and the valuable Lindley Library will be placed. Its "fortnightly" meetings and small Shows will be held in the drill-hall of the London Scottish R.V., close to the Army and Navy Stores and near the offices. The first meeting and Show will be on the 27th inst.; this will be an interesting one, but the arrangements will hardly be complete before the next meeting and Show, to be held on April 10th. The Council now offer Fellowships and a vote to ladies and gentlemen, owners of gardens, paying a subscription of one guinea. This should attract dwellers in the country who wish to support a society which improves their flowers, fruit, and vegetables, while the higher rates of subscription, 4l. 4s., which gives personal admission and a family ticket, and 2l. 2s., giving personal admission and a transferable ticket admitting two persons, may be popular with those living near enough to London to enjoy the benefit of the fortnightly meetings and Shows.



THE EXHIBITION OF THE QUEEN'S JUBILEE PRESENTS at the Bethnal Green Museum will be closed on April 5th.

THE ROYAL SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER-COLOURS have elected as Associates Miss Edith Martineau and Messrs. Walter Crane, Arthur Melville, and A. E. Emslie.

THE MELBOURNE NATIONAL GALLERY is anxious to possess the portraits of celebrities of the mother country. The Trustees have just bought Mr. G. F. Watts's likeness of Lord Tennyson, recently exhibited at the Grosvenor Gallery.

A QUANTITY OF VERY ANCIENT ARMS, tools, and implements of labour have been found imbedded in the walls of the Acropolis at Athens. They belong to some exceedingly remote age, and are estimated by antiquarians as of high historical value. Most are well-preserved, especially the hatchets found among chippings of rock.

QUEEN ELIZABETH OF ROUMANIA—"Carmen Sylva"—is writing the libretto of a ballet-opera, "The Precious Stones." The plot turns on a contest between the different jewels, each claiming the prize of beauty and splendour. Finally, the palm is carried off by the tear of pity glittering in a young girl's eye at the sight of human misery.

THE PONY RIDDEN BY THE LATE PRINCE IMPERIAL OF FRANCE when he received his "baptism of fire" at Saarbrück during the Franco-Prussian War has just come to a sudden end, like its unfortunate master. After Sedan, the pony was bought by a German baron, and was kept on his estate in Silesia for his children to ride. Last week it fell down on a slippery road and broke its leg, and had to be shot.

THE CEYLON PEARL FISHERY is expected to be a total failure this year. Owing to the heavy monsoon rains which swelled the rivers running into the sea near the chief fishing resort, the Cheval Paar bank at Silavaturai, strong currents swept the bank perfectly clear of the oysters which had clustered there thickly three months before. Probably it will be some years before the fishery will be as productive as of old.

ANOTHER SWISS MOUNTAIN-PASS is to be invaded by the iron horse. Thus, the rail over the Brunig Pass from Alpnach on Lake Lucerne to Meiringen and Brienz opens on June 1st, and during the season there will be four daily trains, connected with the steamers at either end. Probably the journey will take three hours, including a halt at the top of the Pass, where a hotel and Kurhaus are to be built. At present the journey occupies over six hours.

FASHIONABLE SPRING COLOURS in Paris this year possess some curious names. Green being the favourite tint of the season, there are "morning green," "new-born bud," and "early stalk"—three very pale shades, "verdigris" and "serpent," both shot greens. Next in favour is "Marseilles Blue"—the hue being shot or streaked with white, like the soap manufactured in the Southern city, and intended to entirely replace the old "navy blue." "Cameo" and "iron" are the chief shades in grey, while yellow flowers will appear upon nearly every bonnet, especially buttercups. Berries of all kinds, however, will be more fashionable than flowers on hats and bonnets.

THE PAINTINGS OFFERED FOR THIS YEAR'S PARIS SALON are more numerous than ever, nearly 8,000 it is said. Considering that the jury must not accept many more than 2,500, there will be plenty of lamentations by and by. Next week the sculptures and engravings go in, and the architectural works close the admissions on April 5th, the acceptances among the drawings being limited to 800. At present there is comparatively little gossip about the prominent artists' contributions, but few of the best painters will be unrepresented. M. Detaille, as usual, sends a military subject, "The Dream," and just now this artist is brought especially before the public by the exhibition of his last series of drawings for the "Types of the French Army" just opened in Paris.

ART FOR THE PEOPLE is again well supplied by the eighth Free Exhibition in connection with St. Jude's, Whitechapel, opened on Tuesday by Mr. Holman Hunt. There can be little doubt that the Whitechapel working folk have been gradually educated up to thoroughly appreciating these exhibitions, for while 10,000 people visited the first display in 1881, the numbers last year rose to 55,300, or nearly 3,000 daily. Moreover, some 20,000 penny catalogues were sold, and 40l. in coppers were found in the boxes placed about the room for contributions towards expenses—which are roughly estimated at 150l. As usual, the Exhibition will remain open nearly three weeks—i.e., to April 8th, including Sundays. There are 250 pictures of high merit from first-class modern painters.—Messrs. Millais, Watts, Briton Rivière, Brett, Holman Hunt, Israels, Munkacsy, &c. Speaking of popular art, the Grosvenor Gallery was open last Sunday, under the auspices of the Sunday Society. Within two hours 1,120 persons viewed the collection.

THE CAST OF THE LATE EMPEROR WILLIAM OF GERMANY'S HEAD, taken after death, was intended for the Empress Augusta alone, and the mould has been broken by command of the family, in order that only one example shall exist. This cast shows how curiously small the Emperor's head was, and wonderfully reproduces the network of tiny wrinkles on his forehead, due to his great age and many anxieties. During his long life of ninety-one years, Emperor William saw pass away the reigns of seventy-eight European rulers—six Popes, six Sultans, eight Emperors, and fifty-eight Kings and Queens, of whom only four survive—the ex-Queen Isabella and ex-King Amadeus of Spain, the deposed Francis II. of Naples, and the ex-Sultan Murad V. He survived all the twenty-one Presidents of the United States, from Washington to Arthur, except one, ex-President Hayes. Within his military career the late Emperor personally took part in four campaigns and served 723 days in the field—337 days in the War of 1813-15; 126 in the Baden campaign of 1849; 35 in the Austro-Prussian struggle of 1866; and 225 in the Franco-German war of 1870-1.

LONDON MORTALITY declined last week, and 1,604 deaths were registered, against 1,886 during the previous seven days, a decrease of 282, being 292 below the average, and at the rate of 19.5 per 1,000, a lower rate than in any week this year. These deaths included 22 from measles (a rise of 1), 25 from scarlet fever (a fall of 4), 22 from diphtheria (a decrease of 2), 92 from whooping-cough (a fall of 9), 1 from typhus fever, 10 from enteric fever (a decline of 10), 1 from an ill-defined form of continued fever, 10 from diarrhoea and dysentery (a decrease of 7), and not one from small-pox or cholera. The Metropolitan Asylums Hospitals contained 1,160 scarlet fever patients at the close of last week, besides 76 in the London Fever Hospital. Deaths referred to diseases of the respiratory organs numbered 458—a decline of 32, and were 79 below the average. Different forms of violence caused 59 deaths: 50 were the result of negligence or accident, among which were 25 from fractures and contusions, 5 from burns and scalds, 3 from drowning, and 12 of infants under one year of age from suffocation. There were 2,629 births registered, against 2,583 the previous week, being 281 below the average.





THE EMPEROR WILLIAM LEAVING BERLIN FOR THE LAST TIME—"VALE, SENEX IMPERATOR!"  
THE FUNERAL PROCESSION PASSING UNDER THE BRANDENBURGER THOR, BERLIN, MARCH 10, 1888  
FROM A SKETCH BY ONE OF OUR SPECIAL ARTISTS





GERMANY still remains the chief centre of European interest. The funeral of the late Emperor having taken place, as we relate elsewhere, with all due pomp and solemnity, the new Emperor Frederick has been devoting himself as assiduously to the cares of State as though he were in robust health. By the Prussian Constitution a new King on his accession should take the oath of fealty in the presence of both Chambers, but as this was impossible under the circumstances, the Emperor King sent a message by Prince Bismarck, stating that his health would not at present permit him to fulfil this obligation, but that "we vow that we shall firmly adhere to, and keep inviolate, the Constitution of the kingdom, and rule in accordance therewith and with the law of the land." In the Reichstag Prince Bismarck read another Imperial Message, in which the Emperor announced his resolution "to observe and maintain the Imperial Constitution inviolate, and in conformity therewith to respect and preserve conscientiously the constitutional rights of the several Federal States and of the Reichstag." "It will always be our endeavour," he continued, "with the Sovereigns of free cities in alliance with us, and with the constitutional co-operation of the Reichstag, to protect right and justice, freedom and order in the Fatherland, to maintain the honour of the Empire, preserve peace at home and abroad, and promote the welfare of the people." The Emperor also took the opportunity to thank the Deputies for their "proof of patriotic devotion" in passing the new Army Bill with an unanimous readiness "which gratified and strengthened His Majesty during the last days of his life, though it was not vouchsafed to him to convey his Imperial thanks for his decision." In announcing this message Prince Bismarck called attention to the widespread sympathy which had been expressed throughout the whole world at the Emperor's death. "Great men have died before now," he remarked, "notably when Napoleon I. and Louis XIV. died, and their disappearance caused a violent shock. But that wreaths and palms from the Antipodes and from neighbouring nations should be laid upon the deceased monarch's tomb is a circumstance unprecedented in history." The Prince accordingly asks permission to convey the thanks of the Reichstag and the Imperial Government to "those friendly nations upon whose sympathy the peace of the future rests firmer than upon written treaties." On Tuesday the Reichstag voted a sympathetic reply, and declared urgent a resolution requesting Prince Bismarck to prepare a Bill for erecting a national monument to the late Emperor William, and then adjourned the Session with three enthusiastic cheers for Frederick III.

The Emperor has also issued a proclamation to Alsace and Lorraine announcing his accession, and affirming his determination to "preserve the rights of the Empire over those German territories re-united with the Fatherland after long interval." He gives expression to the hope, however, that by a "lawful and benevolent Government, conducted with a firm hand, the union of Alsace-Lorraine with the German Empire, which the lapse of years cannot annul, will again become as intimate as it was in the times of our ancestors, before these German lands were severed from the very ancient and glorious union with their kindred and countrymen." Apart from "high politics," Emperor Frederick has been busily organising his household and bestowing rewards on officers and officials who have been connected with him during his career as Crown Prince. He has made General Blumenthal, who was chief of his Staff in the Austrian and French Wars, a Field-Marshal, and has given the Order of the Black Eagle to his most trusted adviser Dr. von Friedberg, and to numerous generals. He is also credited with the intention of placing several aged generals on the retired list, and to inaugurate his rule of "toleration" by transferring the Jew-baiting Court Chaplain Stöcker to some provincial cure of souls. One of the organs of this clerical-militant has been distinguishing itself by a virulent attack upon Sir Morell Mackenzie, accusing him of having frustrated all the endeavours of the German physicians to alleviate the Emperor's sufferings. Sir Morell Mackenzie has received numerous threatening letters, and takes his walks abroad followed by detectives. As to the Emperor's health, he appears to be maintaining his strength, but what the doctors euphemistically term the "local affection" does not in any way appear to diminish. The weather in Berlin is most unfavourable for his malady, the snow lying deeper than for several years past.

Now that the obsequies at BERLIN and the memorial services which have been held in every European capital are over, the various nations are settling down to consider in what direction the accession of the new Emperor will affect the course of European politics. The Emperor's rescript to Prince Bismarck has created a universally good effect, and it is considered that German policy will remain practically the same as before. Russia, however, is somewhat significantly loud in its praises of the Emperor's pacific declarations, which are eulogised even by the journals hostile to Germany, the key to their satisfaction being given by their interpretation of the Emperor's words into a determination to maintain peace at any price, and to let Russia have a free hand in the Balkan States. This interpretation is not shared by Austria, where the semi-official journals hasten to refute what they term the "naïve self-deception" of their Russian contemporaries.

In FRANCE Boulangism is once more the sole topic of the day. Last week the Government suddenly dismissed General Boulanger from his command, the decree in the *Journal Officiel* giving as a reason that though he had been refused permission to come to Paris, he had nevertheless visited the capital three times in disguise, "wearing dark spectacles, and affecting to limp." The General affirms that he had come to Paris to see his invalid wife, and declares that he is punished on account of the recent electoral vote in his favour. He indignantly denies having disguised himself, but the whole matter is now being officially investigated by a Commission of Inquiry. The "Boulangists" were very furious at this very decided step of the Ministry, their organ, the *Cocarde*, published a white-hot article, and talked of bringing the General forward at the next election, and at every vacancy, although he is not legally entitled to be a candidate. The general public, however, took the popular favourite's disgrace comparatively calmly—the only excitement being round the offices of the *Cocarde*, where a protest register had been opened for signature, and where the papers were selling to the tune of 300,000 a day, thanks to the energy of screaming *voyous* on the Boulevards. There was no demonstration when the General arrived in Paris, where he was met by a score of his friends. All moderate people commend the action of the Government, for no Cabinet could possibly tolerate direct disobedience from a General holding a high command, but the Bonapartists have seized the occasion to reproach the Government for having elevated the General on the pinnacle of martyrdom, and so immeasurably increased his importance. On Tuesday the Cabinet was questioned on the matter, and M. Paul de Cassagnac made a most virulent speech against the Government, declaring that the Cabinet had disgraced the General in obedience to orders from Germany, that the Ministry only existed on sufferance, that Parliamentary Government was an evil, and that the Republic would soon be overthrown. M. Tirard

answered him in a plain, straightforward speech, and, remarking that General Boulanger when in office had severely punished General Schmidt for breach of discipline, asked, "What would become of the army if all Generals displayed the same refractory spirit, and gathered noisy satellites around them?" The army, as General Boulanger himself had said, had not to judge, but only to obey." After a vigorous defence of the General from M. Laguerre, the Government carried the order of the day by a large majority. There have been several gatherings of Radicals and Communists in honour of the Communist outbreak of March 18, 1871, but no disorder occurred, and any attempt at Boulangism was immediately put down, the gallant General not being favoured by the Paris Reds, who probably remember a certain fable about King Stork. M. Hippolyte Carnot, the father of the President, and himself a distinguished republican, died last week, and was buried on Sunday. On his way to the funeral, M. Jules Ferry was mobbed, and the windows of his carriage were broken to the old cry of *A bas le Tonkinois*. The weather in France has been terribly severe, trains have been blocked in all directions by the snow, and the mails many hours late.

In ITALY, Signor Crispi in a speech about his Cabinet's foreign policy has once more declared that it is desirable for Italy to be allied with the Central Powers on the Continent and on the seas with England. "War," he declared, emphatically, "will never be provoked by us. Germany has nothing more to desire, and Austria ought to uphold Italy and to think of the reorganisation of her internal affairs. To attribute warlike proposals to us is absurd." Referring to Abyssinia, he denied that Italy had ever dreamed of conquering that country, and asserted that the objects of the campaign were nearly accomplished. The only doubtful note in his speech related to France, to whose hostile intentions in 1876 he attributed the decision to fortify Rome. Why he should have dragged in this allusion is not clear, unless it may be taken in connection with an extraordinary statement published in the authoritative, sober-sided military organ, *Esercito*, that France some weeks since was on the point of making a *coup de main* on Spezia with a powerful fleet and a body of troops. The plan, it is affirmed, was thoroughly prepared at the Ministry of Marine in Paris, and the fleet was nearly ready. The descent would have been preceded by only a few hours' declaration of war. The Italian Government had, however, been informed in time, had actively made defensive preparations at Spezia and Genoa, so that "now things are on a very different footing." The popular feeling in Italy and France is becoming perilously like that which existed between Prussia and France in 1867.

In PORTUGAL the Baquet Theatre at Oporto was burnt down on Tuesday night during the performance. There was a very full house at the time, and some eighty persons lost their lives, the most numerous fatalities occurring in the third tier of boxes and the galleries, where whole families were asphyxiated or burnt. There was a terrible struggle for life at the doors, where numbers were suffocated or trampled to death. The disaster is attributed to a gas accident.

There has been a lull in the BULGARIAN Crisis during the past few weeks; but Russia is evidently putting strong pressure upon Turkey to take further action in Bulgaria. This the Porte is by no means willing to do, as the Bulgarians are asserting their determination to declare their independence should Turkey take any active steps to dethrone Prince Ferdinand.

In INDIA the Sikkim expeditionary force which has been advancing slowly from Pedong reached Lingtum on Monday, and the Pioneers have reached Kinlaka. The march has been very leisurely, so as to enable the Tibetans to retire without hostile operations. The roads are reported to be bad, but otherwise the accounts of the expedition are favourable, and the villagers display a friendly disposition. The Government are anxious to avoid hostilities so as to avoid any complications with China. Were it not for the wish to keep friendly with the Celestial Empire, an advance would be made upon Lhasa—a step which will not now be taken unless continual aggression is experienced—the object of the expedition being to occupy Lingtum fort, and to carry out effective precautionary measures for the defence of the Sikkim-Thibetan Frontier.—In AFGHANISTAN the Ghilzai insurrection has now been quelled, though a few raids still occur. The Ameer is at Jellalabad trying to gain the adherence of several recalcitrant tribes. Much regret is expressed by Afghans at the resignation of Lord Dufferin, who appears to have won the friendship of several of the most influential chiefs. In INDIA Proper the Bengalee irreconcilable Press continue to attack the Viceroy in a most scurrilous manner, while on the other hand the Mahomedans are holding meetings to express their regret at his retirement.

In BURMAH there has been a successful attack on the dacoits in the Paygee district, Chindwin valley. The camp of the so-called Shwegyobin Prince was taken by Lieutenant Hunter, and forty-five prisoners and 127 guns, together with a large number of cattle were captured. The Prince and his two chieftains escaped. Captain Triscott and his column appear to have had a very successful visit to the jade mines on the Endawgyee Lake. These mines are in the territory of one of the most powerful Kachyen chiefs, named Kongsehaing, who permitted the troops to visit the mines. The working is conducted in a very primitive manner, and with improved appliances the output could be greatly increased. No Englishman had ever previously visited the mines, and the soldiers excited the greatest curiosity amongst the natives.

In the UNITED STATES the devastation caused by the terrific snowstorm which raged over the Western seaboard last week proves to be much greater than was at first thought. All the telegraph and telephone wires were broken, enormous snowdrifts filled up the railway cuttings, scores of trains bearing thousands of passengers were completely blocked, the wind blowing far too hard to permit the effective use of shovel or plough, buildings were blown down and unroofed, while the coasts were strewn with wreckage of many ships which had suffered during the gale. More than a score of New York pilot boats were lost, while it is stated that a hundred vessels were wrecked in Chesapeake Bay. Many people were frozen to death, some being dug out of the snow standing in the streets as when the snow overtook them. In New York some five hundred corpses remained unburied for some days, owing to the impossibility of conveying them to the cemetery, while the living have suffered considerable privations owing to the impossibility of conveying provisions and fuel into the city. Thousands of men, however, were set to clear the snow, and in a few days railway communication was restored. A serious railway accident occurred to the Cuba-Florida mail train last week through the breaking of a trestle bridge in a desolate region of swamp and forest. Twenty-five persons were killed and forty injured.



THE Queen has left England for Italy. Like other Court arrangements, however, the Royal journey was affected by the German Emperor's death, as Her Majesty delayed her departure in order to receive the Prince of Wales on his return from Berlin and the

special Envoy from the Emperor Frederick. A Memorial Service for the late Emperor William took place in the Windsor Private Chapel at the same time as the Imperial funeral last week, the Queen, Princess Christian, and Prince and Princess Henry being present, while, as the day was also the anniversary of the death of Her Majesty's mother, the Duchess of Kent, the Royal party visited the Frogmore Mausoleum. On Saturday the Queen held a Council, attended by Viscounts Cranbrook and Cross and Lord Lathom, when Her Majesty pricked the list of Sheriffs for the year, afterwards pricking the Sheriffs for the Duchy of Lancaster in an audience to the new Duke of Rutland, who gave up the insignia of the Order of the Garter worn by his late brother. Audiences were also accorded to Lords Salisbury and Cranbrook, to the late Minister to the Netherlands, Sir W. Stuart, on his retirement, and to Messrs. MacDonell and Wyndham, who kissed hands on their appointment as Ministers to Denmark and Brazil. In the evening the ex-Empress Eugénie arrived, being met at the station by Prince and Princess Henry, and Sir H. and Miss Ponsonby joined the Royal party at dinner. Next morning the Queen attended Divine Service with Princess Christian and her second daughter, Prince and Princess Henry having gone to London to attend the Memorial Service for the late Emperor William at the German Chapel Royal. The ex-Empress Eugénie left on Monday morning, Prince Henry accompanying her to the station. On Tuesday afternoon the Prince of Wales arrived to see Her Majesty, who also received General von Loë, the special Envoy despatched by the Emperor Frederick to formally announce his accession to the German Throne. The Queen left Windsor for Italy on Wednesday afternoon. The Royal party, consisting of the Queen and Prince and Princess Henry, slept on board the *Victoria and Albert* in Portsmouth Harbour, and would cross on Thursday morning to Cherbourg, whence they travel direct to Florence via Paris, Turin, and Genoa. Numerous addresses of welcome are being prepared in Florence, whose Municipality have required the re-painting of all the houses on the road to the Villa Palmieri, the Queen's temporary residence. Her Majesty will stay at Florence till about April 16th, being joined by Princess Louise and the Duchess of Edinburgh. The Duke will bring the Mediterranean Squadron to Leghorn, and thence visit Her Majesty. On her return to England the Queen will hold two Drawing-rooms in May.

The Prince of Wales returned to England on Tuesday with the Crown Prince of Denmark, Princes Albert Victor and Christian, and the Duke of Cambridge. The Princes on Sunday morning attended Divine Service at the English Church of St. George, in Berlin, and drove to Charlottenburg to bid good-bye to the Emperor and Empress. Later they took leave of the Empress Augusta, dined at the British Embassy, and left in the evening, being seen off by Crown Prince William and Prince Henry. The King of the Belgians accompanied the English Princes, who stayed at Brussels to lunch with King Leopold on Monday, and thence went on to Calais to find their progress stopped by the snow on the French lines. After a little delay, however, the Royal party safely crossed the Channel on the *Victoria* to Dover. In the afternoon the Prince of Wales went to Windsor, while the Princess, with the Danish Crown Prince and Princess, visited the Scandinavian Sailors' Home at Rotherhithe. During the Prince's absence the Princess of Wales remained at Marlborough House, except for a short visit to the Queen with Prince George and Princess Louise. Prince George also attended the Memorial Service for Emperor William at the German Chapel Royal on Sunday. On Tuesday evening the Prince and Princess of Wales, with their family and the Crown Prince and Princess of Denmark, were present at a concert in aid of the Metropolitan and City Police Orphanage at St. James's Hall. The Prince of Wales held the deferred Levée on behalf of the Queen on Wednesday; while to-day (Saturday) the Princess represents Her Majesty at a Drawing-Room. Next week the Prince and Princess go to Sandringham for Easter. After opening the Glasgow Exhibition in May, the Prince and Princess go to Blackburn to lay the foundation-stone of a new Technical School. Prince Albert Victor will visit Ulster in the early part of the summer as the guest of the Earl and Countess of Abercorn. Prince George of Wales took up the freedom of the Mercers' Company on Tuesday, and, having signed the roll, was presented with the freedom in a gold casket, surmounted by a model of H.M.S. *Dreadnought*.

Princess Christian is to receive a diamond necklet from the Windsor residents in acknowledgment of her kindness to the poor. The subscribers include many poor persons, who have given pennies.—The Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh and their family, Princess Louise of Battenberg and the Marquis of Lorne were present at Malta, at the christening of a new screw sloop, the *Melita*, by the little Princess Victoria Melita, second daughter of the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh.—Sunday was Princess Louise's fortieth birthday, and Wednesday the seventeenth anniversary of her marriage.—The Duchess of Albany has successfully "passed" in the St. John Ambulance Class at Esher.



THANKS mainly to the freshness of its character-sketches and the diverting qualities of its dialogue, Mr. Pinero's new play entitled *Sweet Lavender*, produced at TERRY'S Theatre on Wednesday evening, achieved a decided success. Never yet has Mr. Edward Terry furnished more genuine amusement than in his performance of the broken-down, self-indulgent, good-natured barrister, Dick Phenyl, who is ever ready to do a good turn for friends who deserve it, and who is, in brief, one of that well-known and numerous class who are popularly said to be "Nobody's enemy but their own." It is a conspicuous merit of the numberless diverting things which Mr. Pinero has put into the mouth of this diverting creation that they are not puns or quibbles, or mere "good things," as that term is generally understood, but are utterances whose genuine humour has always some affinity to the character which they thus assist in developing. The story of the piece, which is not a farcical comedy, like the author's recent productions, but a domestic drama in three acts, is somewhat slight, and it is unfolded with a certain dilatoriness and excess of elaboration which might have seriously prejudiced the work but for the sterling qualities we have indicated. The most noticeable thing in the cast, apart from Mr. Terry's impersonation, is the fact that Miss Norreys plays, and plays well, a tender, loving, and serious heroine, and not one of those playfully-kittenish maidens whom she has hitherto portrayed with so much success. The company of Terry's Theatre has undergone a great change, in view of a production a little out of Mr. Terry's usual line. Prominent parts are represented by Miss Maud Millett, Mr. Bernard Gould, Mr. Brandon Thomas, Miss Carlotta Addison, Miss M. A. Victor, Mr. Alfred Bishop, and other well-known performers; but an examination of their merits would demand a more minute analysis of the story than we have now space for. The fall of the curtain was attended with every token of a successful first night.

Miss Julia Neilson, a young lady of whose talents and personal attractions report has for some time spoken very highly, made her first appearance on the stage on Wednesday afternoon in a performance given by Miss Mary Anderson for the benefit of Mr. Abud, acting manager at that house. Miss Neilson, who is a lady of tall and graceful figure, and who possesses a handsome and expressive



countenance, played the part of Cynisca, the wife of the sculptor, with unquestionable power, and created on the whole a highly favourable impression. Strong passion rather than tender pathos appears to be her strong point. Her utterance of the appeal to Artemis, which brings temporary blindness on the faithless Pygmalion, was highly effective; her gentler passages excited less sympathy. But more must be seen of Miss Neilson's powers before a judgment can safely be passed upon their limits. The *début* was unquestionably successful.

The DRURY LANE pantomime *Puss in Boots* has almost trodden on the heels of Easter. It will be given this evening for the last time. The theatre will then remain closed, to reopen with a revival of *A Run of Luck* on Saturday next. The ST. JAMES'S, where *The Wife's Secret*, a rather weakly sentimental verse-play, in which a husband at the period of the Commonwealth is represented as tormenting himself very needlessly with jealous suspicions, is in preparation, will remain closed throughout Passion week.

The sentence of six months' imprisonment recently passed by the Manchester magistrates on the man Rosenbaum, described as "a contortionist," for torturing and illusing a little boy under five years of age will, it is to be hoped, direct attention to the need for some better protection for acrobats' apprentices. This brute, who had covered the face and body of the poor child with "black bruises," pleaded that he "had to beat it to make it learn." As there are certainly some things which Rosenbaum ought to be "made to learn," it seems a pity that the magistrates could not adopt a system which he considers so eminently educational, and order him a supplementary flogging.

The entire Gaiety Burlesque Company, led by Mr. Meyer Lutz, the well-known conductor, will start for an extensive tour in America in the autumn. They will make their first appearance at the Standard Theatre, New York, on the 12th of November.

It is said that Mr. Arthur Cecil and Mrs. John Wood will take the new COURT Theatre, where they will sustain the policy of the Clayton-Cecil management.

Several novelties are preparing for Easter. Among these is *The Pompadour*, by Messrs. Wills and Grundy, the scene of which is laid in Paris, under Louis XV. It will be produced at the HAYMARKET, with Mr. and Mrs. Beerbohm Tree, Miss Marion Lea, Mr. Brookfield, Miss Rose Leclercq, and other popular performers in leading characters. A burlesque of *Ariane*, by Mr. Burnand, is also in preparation by Mr. Edouin and Miss Alice Atherton at the STRAND.

The passion for going on the stage appears to rage in American society no less than in fashionable circles on this side of the Atlantic. Among the latest graduates reported from New York are daughters of Mr. Moncure Conway, General Sheridan, Mr. Walsh, and General Banks. Miss Ethel Sprague, daughter of a State Governor and grand-daughter of a Chief Justice of the United States, is also among the list of American ladies who are preparing to follow Mrs. Brown Potter's example. These young persons are described as "well-bred, carefully educated, cultured, intellectual, and ambitious."

A cynical American playgoer has propounded the riddle, "When is an actor not an actor?" The answer is, "Nine times out of ten."



THE PRIVY COUNCIL in Ireland, as well as in England, have just issued those Orders on infectious cattle disease the need for which we commented upon last week. By these Orders a local authority must cause all cattle being, or having been, in the same field, shed, or other place, or in the same herd or otherwise in contact with cattle infected with pleuro-pneumonia, to be slaughtered within ten days of its being ascertained that have been so in contact, or within such further period as the Privy Council, on special application, may direct. A local authority shall cause all cattle which have been certified by an inspector of the Privy Council to have been in any way exposed to the infection of pleuro-pneumonia to be slaughtered within such time as the Privy Council may direct. The compensation will be the value of the animal immediately before it was slaughtered, but shall in no case exceed 40*l*. Legal provision is made for the eventual payment of the money for compensation out of the local rates.

HORSES.—The London Cart Horse Parade has been fixed for Whit Monday. The support already promised, together with the names of those who will be answerable for the arrangements, are extremely re-assuring; in fact, we only need the addition of the name of the clerk of the weather in order to be able to guarantee a big success. Without the help of our meteorological friend, an open air parade unfortunately can never be much.—The Hunters' Improvement Society itself improves apace. No fewer than 137 members have been added to the roll since last Easter, while a substantial balance at the bankers' witnesses to the good management of the Society's funds.—The verderers of the New Forest are about to repeat the experiment tried last year of introducing Welsh and other entire ponies for the improvement of the breed of the New Forest ponies.

CATTLE.—Much attention has been attracted in agricultural circles by the letter of Mr. Westley Richards advocating an official statement of the price of meat in the same way as corn. The live weight would probably be the best to record, and in stones of 14*lbs*. The stone of 10*lbs*. being the tithe of the true hundredweight, or cental, has high theoretical claims; but, the proportion of live to dead weight being as 14*lbs*. to 8*lbs*., the old stone is far easier for conversion than the ten pound live weight, with its awkward dead weight equivalent of 5.71*lbs*. If the Government were to publish the live weight in 14*lbs*. stones, it would tend to give a uniformity to quotations which does not exist at the present time, and which is much wanted, as the present confusion of weights and non-use of a weighing machine makes a comparison between different markets practically impossible. The dealer at present has a great advantage over the farmer, and the proposal of Mr. Westley Richards would, if adopted by the Government, do much to redress the balance.

BLACKFACED SHEEP, the breed already most favoured to the north of the Humber, are being ably championed by Mr. John Scott, a Cirencester Professor, whose enthusiasm predicts that they will "ultimately become the most extensively farmed breed in the world." The reason which heads the list is that "in high bleak situations no other breed can approach them as profitable stock, and when tested against others in the lowlands on better food and under better care the good class of them as real paying animals are superior in every way but for a slight difference in the value of their wool." The statements of Mr. Scott are those of an expert, and deserve attention, but, like your true enthusiast, he is "indifferent honest" in his arrangement of facts. The inferiority of the wool of the Blackfaced is more than "slight" as compared with the breeds which give the higher-priced sorts of wool, and, as the sheep is an animal on which only a composite profit can be made, namely, the value of the meat, plus the value of the wool being necessary to constitute the profit, this slurring over "the wool question" is serious. At the same time, the hardness of the Blackfaced is a very great consideration, and many farmers of bleak exposed land in England might do well to give them a trial.



### THE FRENCH GALLERY

NEARLY all the most able painters whose works we have seen at the French Gallery in recent years are well represented in the exhibition just opened. The first important work that we meet with is a striking and apparently truthful picture of semi-barbarous life by the Serbian painter P. Joanowitz. It represents "Montegrins returning from a Faction Feud" through a narrow mountain pass. The victorious warriors, their bound and wounded prisoners, and the peasant girls who enthusiastically welcome them, have a strong appearance of reality. The artist also sends two original studies for large pictures that have already appeared here; and a figure of an alert "Montenegrin Sentry," instinct with vitality, and painted with surprising force and vigour. A pleasant air of domesticity and repose pervades a picture of considerable size, "Spring and Winter," by the Bavarian painter W. Firlé. The naive simplicity of the young girl playing the piano beside a wide window and the sympathetic interest of the aged matron seated beside her are admirably expressed. The picture is refined in tone, and full of suffused light. "Chess in the Sacristy" is a characteristic example of the work of Professor Aug. Holmberg. The sacristy is a sumptuously furnished room, and the players are a red-robed Cardinal and another dignitary of the Church. The figures have marked individuality, but they are quite subordinate to the still-life objects about them. The carved and gilded table, the crystal chandelier, the coloured statuettes, and the tapestry are painted with elaborate completeness and imitative skill. There is more human interest in the artist's large picture, "Words of Comfort," on the opposite wall, in which a sympathetic Cardinal is seen reading to a very aged and feeble ecclesiastic. There are many good qualities in the work, but it is chiefly remarkable for the artistic disposition of the drapery, and the accurate drawing and complete modelling of the hands.

One of the most interesting pictures in the collection is by C. Seiler, and represents "Voltaire being Arrested at Frankfurt" by the order of Frederick the Great. The face and figure of the irascible poet are life-like and expressive, and the subordinate characters in the scene are almost equally good. In another picture, Herr Seiler has depicted with remarkable ability "The Signing of the Treaty Between Prussia and the United States in 1785"—Adams, Jefferson, and Benjamin Franklin, derived from authentic sources, are among the diplomatists assembled in a richly furnished room at the Hague. Both these small works bear evidence of thought and careful study; they are full of well considered detail, excellent in colour composition, and painted with combined firmness and *finesse*. An excellent example of domestic genre, "The Young Connoisseur," by T. E. Duverger, showing the interior of a studio with a very little serving-maid looking at a picture through a magnifying glass, is also distinguished by refinement of style and great beauty of colour. A finely designed and richly coloured group of three figures, "Cupid's Own," and a broad and masterly landscape study "Near Barbizon," by Théodore Rousseau, strike us as the best of several small works by deceased French painters.

### MESSRS. TOOTH'S GALLERY

THE Spring Exhibition at No. 5, Haymarket, contains a few good English pictures and characteristic examples of several Continental schools. One of the largest and most striking works in the collection is a scene of Oriental life by F. Eisenhut, called "The Snake Charmer." In subject and to some extent in treatment it resembles more than one picture we have seen by Professor Müller, and suffers little by the comparison. The Arabs, the Nubians, and the Europeans, the horses and the camels assembled on a sandy plain outside the walls of Cairo, are distinctly characterised, and painted with breadth and vigour. The effect of bright sunshine is well rendered, and the picture as a whole conveys a strong impression of reality. A smaller picture, "News from the Soudan," by the Austrian painter L. Deutsch, is also true in local character, but it is remarkable chiefly for its minute elaboration of detail. Another picture by him, "Outside a Café, Cairo," while not less complete in the realisation of individual fact, is broader in effect, more agreeable in colour, and in better keeping. M. Léon L'Hermite's "Mid-Day Meal," like many of his previous works that have appeared here, impresses us strongly with a sense of its fidelity to nature. The man resting from his work in the harvest-field and his robust wife are true types of French rustic character drawn and painted in masterly style. M. Bouguereau has apparently not aimed at reality in his life-sized figure of an over-refined and neatly dressed "Shepherdess." It shows, however, his never-failing mastery of design and complete modelling of form. On one side of this is a picture of a melancholy maiden sitting on the seashore, "Phyllis," rather loosely painted by Mr. Edwin Long; and on the other a life-sized half-length of a lady of great beauty "At the Bal Masqué," remarkable for its skilful arrangement and rich harmony of colour, by Conrad Kiesel. A picture of Venetian girls at a fountain, "A Belle," and a love-making scene, "Wheedling," by Eugène de Blaas, show a great advance on any of the numerous works almost identical with them in subject that he has produced. They are stronger and, at the same time, more refined in style, more accurate in design, and in every way more artistically complete. Mr. W. Logsdail has a picture of "A Side Canal, Venice," broadly painted, and true in local colour; and another, not nearly so good, of a little girl in a country lane, "Going to School." By Pierre Billet there is an excellent little study of a young French "Shepherdess" knitting in a wood; and by the Dutch painter C. Bisschop a small interior with two figures, very true in character, and full of delicate modulations of low-toned colour. Mr. Davis, Mr. Keeley-Halswelle, and Mr. Leader are fairly well represented; and by Mr. Peter Graham there is a misty Highland mountain-scene, with shaggy cattle, well grouped and vigorously painted in the foreground, truer in atmospheric effect and in better keeping than anything we have lately seen by him.

### MR. McLEAN'S EXHIBITION

It is long since Sir John Millais has produced anything so good as the large upright landscape that constitutes the chief attraction at Mr. McLean's Gallery. It is called "Christmas Eve," and represents Murthley Castle, Perthshire, by warm evening light. A stretch of rising ground thickly covered with snow occupies a large space in the foreground, at the top of the slope is a large leafless tree, and immediately behind it the picturesque time-worn mansion. The setting sun suffuses the sky with a faint glow of warm light, and is more vividly reflected from the windows of the Castle. The only living things in the picture are a few rooks, that stand out in strong relief against the snow in the foreground. The subject is treated in an unconventional, and thoroughly artistic, manner. The picture is remarkable for the realistic truth with which every individual feature is rendered, as well as for its comprehensive truth. The delicate tints reflected from the sky on the snow, the half-obliterated foot-prints, and all the varied modulations of form are rendered with extraordinary fidelity.

Among the most important of the other works are two animated Oriental scenes by the Austrian painter C. Wilda, "The Fortune

Teller" and "A Café in Cairo." In both the figures are naturally grouped and characteristic, and, as well as all their picturesque surroundings, are painted with a firm and expressive touch. Josef Israels is represented by a picture of a Dutch peasant and his wife "Going to market" by the light of early morning. In strong contrast to the stern reality and subtle art of this is the trivial prettiness, the affectation and superficial cleverness of two female figures by the Spanish painter Madrazo. By C. Van Haanen there is a charming little head of "A Venetian Girl," and by Mr. Luke Fildes "A Venetian Beauty," a little over-refined, but finely drawn and modelled. A masterly little cattle picture by Van Marcke, two luminous and broadly-handled Dutch river scenes by P. J. Clays, and a low-toned view of "A Dutch Village" by J. Mario are among the remaining works deserving notice.



MR. HORACE SMITH, who was made in 1881 Recorder of Lincoln, author and editor of various legal treatises, has been appointed a Metropolitan magistrate.

IN AN EXTRAORDINARY CASE, reported in this column more than a year ago, a Mr. Linwood accused a Major Campbell of kidnapping him, and of obtaining from him some 3,000*l*. worth of bonds, which came into the hands of Mr. Linwood's aunt, a Miss Andrews, who was an ally of Major Campbell. In the course of the legal proceedings taken, Miss Andrews made affidavits, in which she denied all knowledge of the whereabouts of the bonds. It appears, however, that she had deposited them with her junior counsel, a Mr. Charles Edward Moore, and that he transferred them to the custody of his friend, Mr. Watkin, who at his instance was acting as Miss Andrews's solicitor, and who has since died insolvent. Nevertheless, Moore allowed his leader to produce in Court the mendacious affidavits referred to, a draft of one of which seems to have been drawn up by himself. The Chancery division having been asked to commit him for contempt of Court, he made in the witness-box statements of a kind which led Mr. Justice Kay to the conclusion that he had been guilty of perjury. Meanwhile the judge committed him to prison for contempt.

MR. JUSTICE FIELD and a special jury were engaged at Bristol for several days in trying actions brought by Miss Mason against the Mother Superior of a convent at Clifton, in which she had been a nun, and against two medical men on whose certificate she had been placed in a lunatic asylum. The Mother Superior was charged with trespass for placing the plaintiff in temporary confinement while in the convent, and with slander in furnishing the doctors with evidence as to her insanity, and they, for certifying on this evidence, were charged with negligence and libel. Damages were claimed from all three defendants. The case excited considerable interest. One of the chief witnesses examined was the plaintiff's sister, also an inmate of the convent, who had signed the order for her confinement in the asylum, being satisfied that she was unfit to take care of herself. The Judge, who had more than once urged a settlement of the case, summed up favourably to the defendants, all of whom the jury acquitted of any misconduct, and judgment was given against the plaintiff, with costs.

A CASE OF IMPORTANCE to railway and other public companies has been adjudicated on by Mr. Justice Kay in the Chancery Division. A testator left certain stock in the North Staffordshire Railway Company in trust to his widow and his son for the benefit of his family. The son fraudulently disposed of the stock, and, the Judge held, forged the signature of the widow, which was affixed to the deeds of transfer. The defendant railway company, on the other hand, contended, and this contention was supported by the evidence of an expert, that the widow's signatures were genuine, she possibly having signed in ignorance of the contents of the deeds, and relying on the good faith of her co-trustee. Another plea, founded on the Statute of Limitations, was set aside by Mr. Justice Kay, who, while acknowledging that it was only natural for the defendant company to have the matter formally investigated, gave judgment for the widow and a daughter of the testator, and, pronouncing the transfers invalid through forgery, ordered the railway company to register the two plaintiffs as owners of the shares. It was agreed that the judgment should not be acted on for a month, in order to give the company time to consider whether they would appeal.

SOME OF THE OLD CARRIAGES on the North Kent line of the South-Eastern Company have no foot-boards, because on account of the width of the carriages foot-boards would be in the way when stoppages are made at certain stations. A passenger who had travelled for years on the line making use of a foot board on alighting, happened to be in a carriage without one, and in consequence, on getting out of it he slipped down between the carriage and the platform, and was somewhat severely injured. He brought an action for damages against the Company, on whose part it was contended that the passenger had not been properly careful when attempting to alight. The jury, however, after a brief consultation, returned a verdict for the plaintiff, a gun-maker's assistant, damages 146*l*.

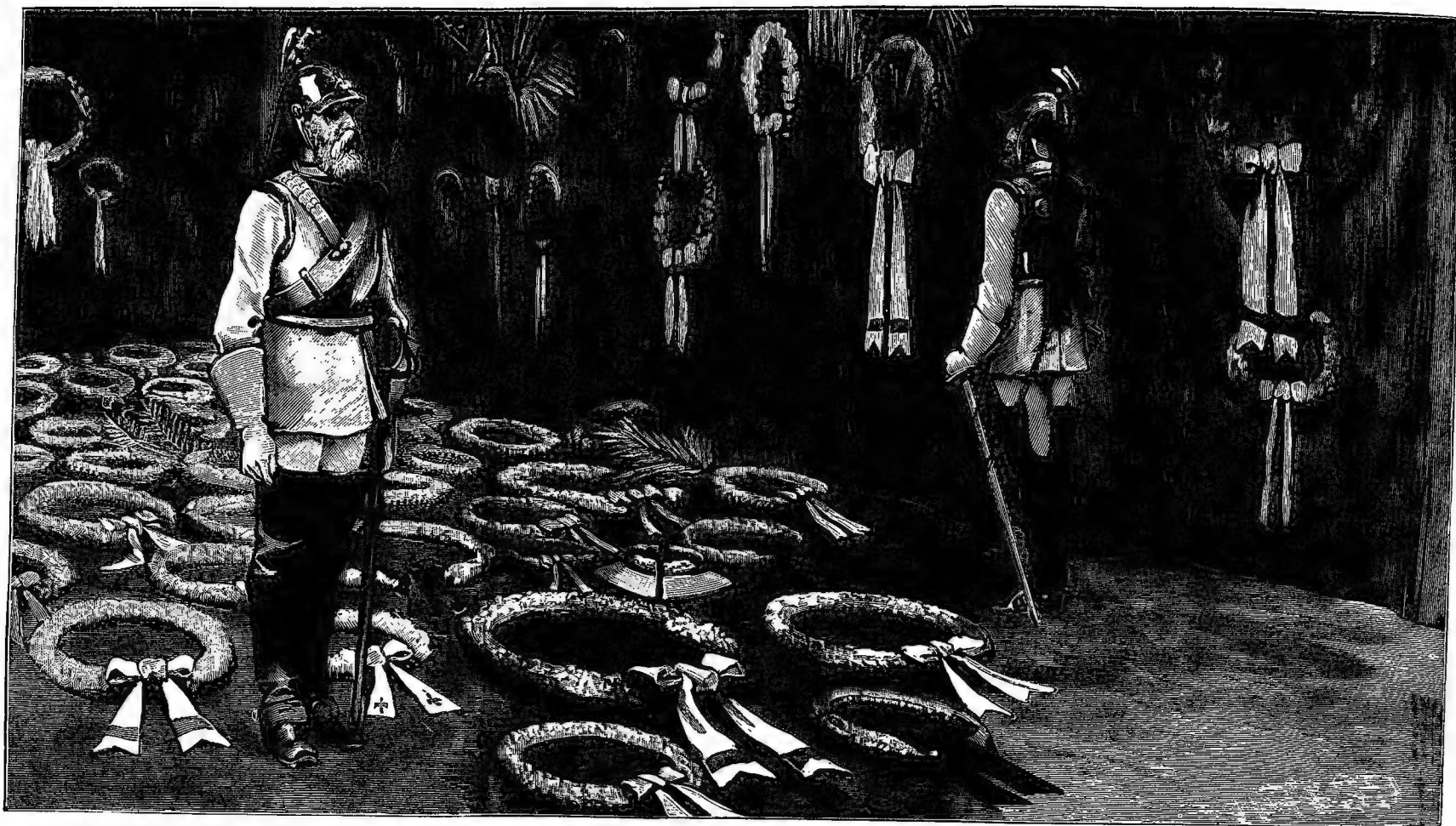


THE BISHOP OF CHESTER, Dr. Stubbs, the historian, was the only prelate who voted on Lord Rosebery's motion for the appointment of a Select Committee to inquire into the constitution of the House of Lords. He gave his vote, with the majority, against the motion.

THE BISHOP OF LIVERPOOL, presiding recently at the annual meeting of the Colonial and Continental Church Society, said that he regarded the Colonies of Great Britain as the brightest gem in the British Crown, and although he was not sure that complete federation was possible, he trusted that every effort would be made to knit the Colonies in closer bonds to the mother country. A well-organised system of emigration ought, in his opinion, to be pressed upon the people of this country, and he regarded it as the grand remedy for the social evils and political knots which concerned the working classes. At the same time, it was of great importance that, when their brethren went to the Colonies, they should be provided with the means of grace, and in that direction the Society was doing an immense deal of good.

A MEETING in aid of Miss Leigh's Paris homes and various benevolent institutions in the French capital connected with them was held in Mr. Goschen's residence, Portland Place, on Tuesday. Lord Aberdeen was among the speakers. Miss Leigh gave an interesting account of the help and protection which the Mission Homes in Paris had afforded to young Englishwomen. A donation of 20*l*. from the First Lord of the Treasury was announced.



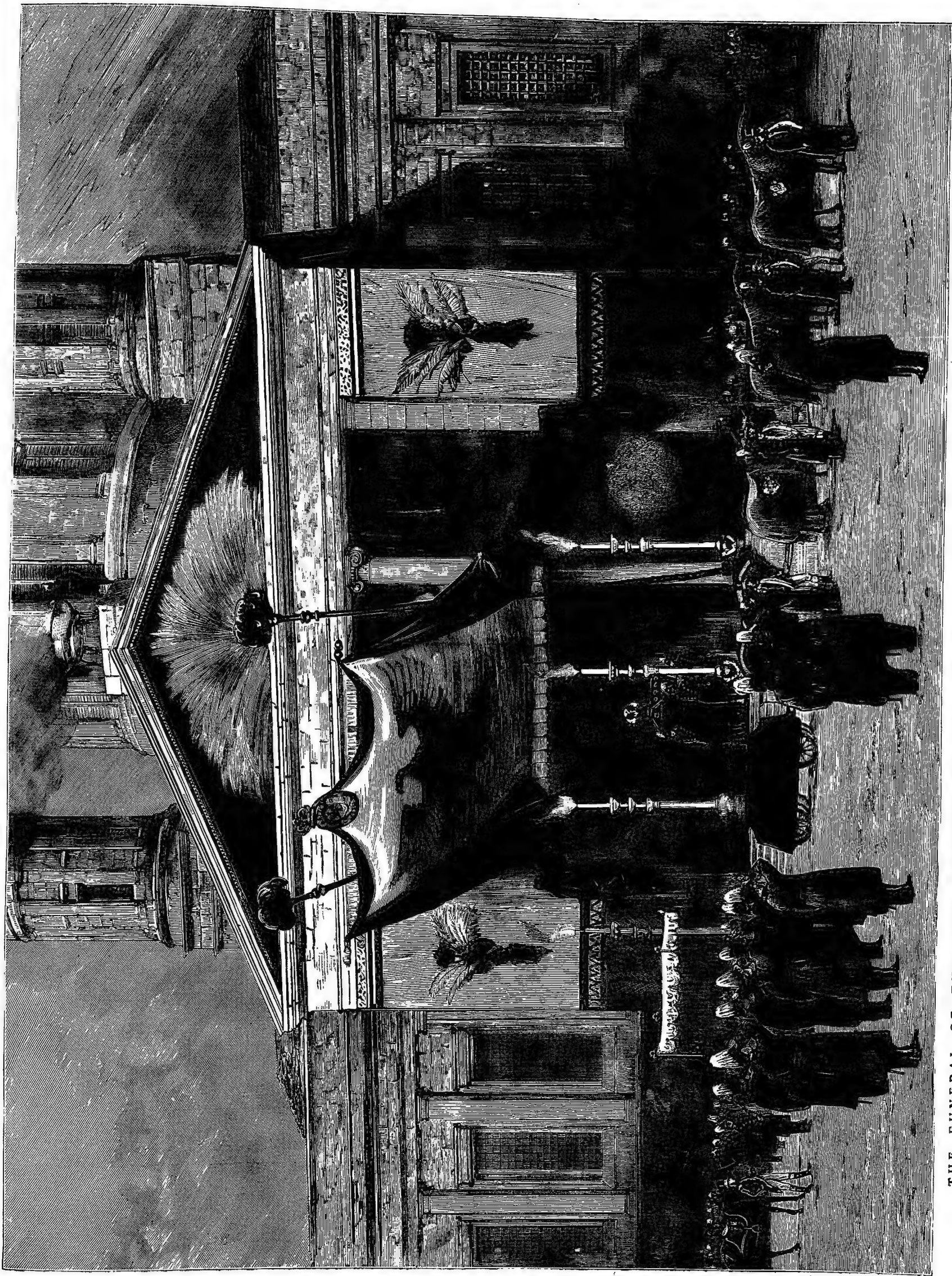


THE FUNERAL OF THE LATE EMPEROR WILLIAM AT BERLIN—SOME OF THE MEMORIAL WREATHS IN THE CATHEDRAL  
FROM A SKETCH BY ONE OF OUR SPECIAL ARTISTS



THE WEDDING OF PRINCE OSCAR OF SWEDEN AND NORWAY WITH MISS MUNCK AT ST. STEPHEN'S CHURCH, BOURNEMOUTH





THE FUNERAL OF THE LATE EMPEROR WILLIAM AT BERLIN—THE PROCESSION LEAVING THE CATHEDRAL  
FROM A SKETCH BY ONE OF OUR SPECIAL ARTISTS



THE "NONCONFORMIST" is responsible for the statement that Mr. Spurgeon and his friends, having reconstructed with satisfaction to themselves the Pastors' College Association, "have decided to carry the war into the body of the Baptist Union," and are "preparing to take action when the Assembly meets on April 25th by insisting on a vote condemning the recent resolutions of the Council, which they interpret as a censure upon Mr. Spurgeon."

NEARLY 2,000, have been subscribed for the Mackonochie Memorial Fund, previously referred to in this column. The sum of 12,800, is still required.



"THE PIRATES OF PENZANCE."—Pending the completion of the new Gilbert and Sullivan opera—which, report says, will be of a less fantastic character than some of its predecessors—*The Pirates of Penzance* has been revived at the Savoy. There is no need to again describe at length the well-known plot and the always charming, though equally familiar, music. Audiences can now once more laugh at the humour of the good-natured pirates who will never attack an inferior force, and are consequently almost invariably beaten, and who decline to take anything from an orphan, and are accordingly so often defrauded. They can enjoy the Gilbertian whim which compels the youth apprenticed to a pirate instead of to a pilot to serve out his hateful indentures only from a sense of duty. They can admire the pretty sight afforded by the General's too numerous daughters, as, clad in their last-century garments, they career laughingly over the rocks. They can smile at the diplomacy of the Major-General and the timidity of the squad of Metropolitan Police constables. They can listen, too, with pleasure to Sir Arthur Sullivan's music, which is so happy a mixture of melody and jingle, of operatic burlesques and honest English part-songs. Whether the *Pirates* is better or worse than the *Sorcerer*, or *Iolanthe*, or *Patience* troubles them little; they recognise the opera as an old friend, recall many happy evenings spent in its company, and freely welcome it back. Furthermore, four of the old favourite artists (soon, we hear, about to be dispersed among other theatres) are still at the Savoy—Miss Jessie Bond to repeat her captivating impersonation of the sauciest of the sisters, Mr. Grossmith to continue his antics as the Major-General, Mr. Barrington to burlesque the police-sergeant, and Mr. R. Temple to act the melo-dramatic pirate. Hero and heroine are now played by Mr. Robertson and Miss Ulmar. The former shines more as a singer than an actor; while the florid style and deficiency of humour in the latter fit her—especially with so fine a voice—rather for serious opera than for the peculiar form of entertainment invented by the firm of Gilbert and Sullivan. Miss Brandram, too, has a delightful voice, and, with her as the Maid-of-all-Work, and with new dresses and scenery, the *Pirates* starts on its revival with the fairest of prospects.

THE NEW "PRODIGY."—When the British Matron last summer went crazy about little Hofmann, few people could have supposed that very soon afterwards a rival would arise, almost as young, as pretty a boy, with equally pretty ways, quite as talented, and infinitely better taught, to challenge the reigning favourite. Little Otto Hegner, who appeared at an invitation recital at Prince's Hall on Monday, and was announced to give his first public concert on Thursday, is a young German of eleven, who for the past six years has been under musical training, and whose education has for the past four years been undertaken by no less eminent a professor than Hans Hüder of Bâle. Unless first appearances belie him the little fellow is already something very like a finished artist, playing with an assurance and a degree of technical proficiency music which no other pianoforte "prodigy" has before attempted. That he comes to London absolutely unheralded, but thoroughly equipped for his work, is not the least of his claims to public regard.

THE PHILHARMONIC CONCERTS.—Last week, Mr. F. H. Cowen came before a London audience for the first time as conductor of the Philharmonic Society. He now has one of the finest orchestras that could be collected in the metropolis, and the performance under his baton of Schumann's D minor symphony, and of a Suite constructed by M. Gevaert out of dance movements from Rameau's curious old opera, *Castor et Pollux*, was in every respect admirable. The enormous audience was, of course, gathered mainly to hear Madame Schumann play Chopin's F minor concerto, the slow movement of which she gave with a beauty and refinement of feeling which invested this lovely music with a new charm. She likewise accompanied two of Schumann's songs sung by Miss Liza Lehmann. The quasi-novelty of the evening was the remarkably fine overture written by Professor Villiers Stanford to *Edipus Tyrannus*, which was dealt with when that play was recently produced in Greek by Cambridge undergraduates. On Thursday of this week the eminent Russian composer, M. Tchaikowsky (Rubinstein's favourite pupil), was announced to make his English debut as a conductor.

THE POPULAR CONCERTS.—The Popular Concert season will come to an end on Monday, when Madame Schumann will play the "Carnaval," and will make her last appearance prior to her return to Frankfurt. Last Saturday's programme included the "Moonlight" sonata, of which Miss Janotha gave hardly a satisfactory reading, and the popular "Kreutzer" sonata played by Miss Janotha and Dr. Joachim. Mr. Santley was the vocalist. On Monday, Madame Schumann played as solos, Schumann's Novelette in F, his "Slumber Song," and a portion of his first "Humoresque," besides taking part with Madame Norman Neruda and Signor Piatti in Brahms' pianoforte trio in C minor, one of the most captivating of the Austrian composer's recent works. A more than usually excellent performance was likewise given by Madame Neruda and her associates of the quartet in F minor (Op. 95), which Mendelssohn declared to be one of the most thoroughly "Beethovenish" of all Beethoven's chamber works.

CONCERTS (VARIOUS).—At the Crystal Palace on Saturday Miss Clotilde Kleeberg gave a masterly performance of Mendelssohn's concerto in G minor. Mrs. Hutchinson was the vocalist, and the orchestra, under Mr. Manns, performed Goldmark's *Rustic Wedding* symphony, and Dr. Mackenzie's *La Belle Dame sans Merci*.—St. Patrick's Night Concerts were given on Saturday in various parts of London. At the Albert Hall Concert Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone were visitors, and Miss Nikita, Madame Patey, and Mr. Sims Reeves sang. At St. James's Hall the programme was exclusively Irish, and was supported by Miss Lehmann, Madame Sterling, Messrs. Lloyd and Santley, and other artists.—On Monday Mr. Ebenezer Prout, at the head of the Hackney Choral Association, conducted a capital performance of Schumann's *Paradise and the Peri*, a fine work, very seldom heard in the metropolis.—Among upwards of thirty concerts given during the week, we afford space only for simple mention of those given by the Royal Academy Students, Mr. Henry Logé, the Paggis, Miss Falconar, Mr. John Cross, the Criterion Club, Mr. Charles Wade, Mr. W. Nicholl, and many others.

NOTES AND NEWS.—It is understood that the prospectus of the Royal Italian Opera, which will be issued in a few days by Mr. Harris, will promise no novelties; but instead operas (and sometimes portions of operas) to be sung by, among others, the following

artists, to wit: Mesdames Albani, Minnie Hauk, Valleria, Nordica, Ella Russell, Crosmont, Fursch-Madi, Arnoldson, Melba (an Australian *prima donna*, who has sung in Brussels), Trebelli, Louise Lablache, Desvignes, Colombia, McIntire, Scalchi, Martini, and Zipelli-Villiani, MM. J. and E. de Reszke, Lassalle, Ravelli, Pandolfini, Del Puente, Ciampi, Cotogni, Perugini, De Reims, De Vaschetti, Paroli, Navarini, Novara, and Miranda, with Madame Lanner as ballet mistress, and Messrs. Randegger and Luigi Mancinelli as conductors.—Mr. Ernest Gye has returned to London, having arranged a Canadian concert tour for Madame Albani in the spring of next year.—The Handel Festival prospectus was issued last Tuesday, but we some weeks since announced the details.—Mr. Lloyd will sail for the United States on the 28th prox., to sing at the Cincinnati Festival, but will return to England in mid-June.—Mr. Alfred Burnett, the violinist, has been appointed conductor of the Royal Academy of Music.—Mr. Carl Rosa last Monday revived Balfe's *Puritan's Daughter* at Manchester.—The Hereford Festival prospectus announces a large number of short works, the least familiar of which are Sir F. Gore Ouseley's *St. Polycarp*, and an ode by Dr. Parry. The only full oratorios to be given are *Messiah* and *Elijah*.



THE House of Commons is still going forward under the new conditions happily established this Session. It meets at three o'clock, and, as a rule, quits its work on the stroke of twelve, with the alacrity noticeable in the British workman on a day-job. The Government, taking advantage of the long unprecedented pliability of the Opposition, have been making the most of their opportunities, pressing the Conversion of Debt Bill through at morning sittings, and even infringing on the sacredness of Wednesday. This week the Suspension of the Standing Orders was moved at Wednesday's sitting, so that the report stage of the Conversion of Debt Bill might be taken at half-past five, and continued up to whatever hour was necessary for passing this stage. Mild protests are made by private members, whose privileges are curtailed. But on the whole the Government get their way, and business goes steadily forward.

On Friday in last week there happened one of the morning sittings which have been of regular recurrence since Mr. Goschen introduced his Financial Bill. It was the second reading of the measure that was now moved, and formal opposition came, of all places in the world, from the quarter in which Sir Charles Lewis sits with avowed intention of supporting the Government. But since he was made a Baronet the member for Derry has seemed to feel the necessity of occasionally showing his independence of Ministerial influence, and Friday served as one of these occasions. He moved an amendment which, if carried, would have meant the rejection of the Bill. But Sir Charles apparently did not mean anything more serious than gaining an opportunity of delivering a speech in favourable circumstances. As being in charge of an amendment, the Speaker called on him first. But, having enjoyed his opportunity, he was content, asking leave to withdraw his amendment. This was done, and, before the term of the morning sitting was reached, this important measure, full of interest both for individuals and the nation, passed this critical stage.

At the evening sitting Mr. Osborne Morgan came forward with a grave indictment against Mr. Marriott, his successor in the office of Judge-Advocate General. Mr. Marriott, as every one knows, went out to Egypt in the autumn, and, acting as professional adviser to the ex-Khedive, settled a long outstanding money-claim. The charge brought against the right hon. gentleman on Friday night by Mr. Osborne Morgan was that he had used the dignity and influence of his Ministerial office to overawe the Khedive and his professional advisers, and thus secured for his client better terms than were probable or possible had he appeared on the scene simply as Mr. Marriott, Q.C. The question, being a personal one, as usual drew a pretty full House. But, apart from the accuser and accused, there was no general disposition to take part in the fray. Mr. Marriott pleaded in defence that he had, long before he accepted Ministerial office, fulfilled the duties of counsel to Ismail Pasha; that in the exercise of his private privileges he spent his holiday-time in Egypt, and, being there, thought that there was no reason why he should not do a little private practice. On a division, the vote of censure was rejected by 218 votes against 126, the "Ayes" and the "Noes" being pretty sharply divided by party lines, the Liberals agreeing in condemning Mr. Marriott's action, and the Conservatives combining to vindicate it.

On Monday Mr. Ritchie brought in his long-expected Government Bill. The House was fairly crowded in anticipation of disclosures to be made, but there was in the scene nothing of the excitement which usually prevails when a Minister brings in what is practically the Bill of the Session. Mr. Ritchie is a plain man, from whom no oratorical flights were expected, and the measure in his charge, though of profound personal interest to every ratepayer in the country, was regarded as rather humdrum in its character. It is a remarkable fact in connection with this Bill, which equals in interest and importance anything that has been dealt with in Parliament for the last ten years, that not a single public meeting, whether hostile to the measure or in its favour, had been held up to the morning when Mr. Ritchie rose in the House of Commons. Mr. Ritchie delivered the plain, unadorned speech that was expected from him, admirably succeeding in his principal object, which was to make clear the manifold details and purposes of the colossal Bill under his charge. But the Bill itself was full of surprises. There have been during the last twenty years various efforts made to deal with the question of Local Government. Both Liberal and Conservative Ministries have grappled with the question. But no measure, not even that prepared by Sir Charles Dilke in 1883-4, equals the measure of the present Conservative Government in its radical thoroughness.

In the first place, the Government base their Bill on the principle of direct representation. The principle of the Municipal Corporation Act, at present operative in boroughs, will be extended throughout the country. Every ratepayer, whether man or woman, will be qualified to vote for the new County Councils, in whose hands are henceforward to be placed the government of the counties. The judicial functions of magistrates will be left undisturbed; but all their administrative business, including the granting of licences, will be handed over to the County Councils. This Bill includes a large and well-considered scheme for the transference of Imperial taxation to the local Councils. The grants in aid at present made to local authorities amount to 2,600,000. These will be discontinued; but in their place the Local Government will receive a total sum estimated at 5,600,000. London is to be included in the scheme of reform, being constituted a county, with its Lord Lieutenant, its City Council, and its bench of magistrates.

The Bill bristles with important points, in every clause touching somebody's pocket or somebody's dignity. This complexity and extension of interest make all the more remarkable the reception the measure met with in the House, which has since been echoed throughout the country. Mr. Gladstone reappeared in his favourite

character as patron and benefactor of the Government, whilst guarding the freedom of himself and his friends for criticising the details of the Bill when it should come before them; he expressed approval of its principles, hailing it as a bold and comprehensive measure, a triumph of Liberal principles operating through the machinery of a Conservative Government. This effusion of congratulation from the Liberal side might naturally be expected to find its corollary in mutiny and discontent on the Conservative benches. The strangest part of the business is that this expectation is falsified. The Conservatives are not enthusiastic about the measure. But they recognise in it the hand of wise statesmanship, and acknowledge the inevitableness, since the matter must be touched, of dealing with it thoroughly in a broad spirit, without reference to party questions or personal prejudices.

On Tuesday the morning sitting was again devoted to the Conversion of Debt Bill, which passed through Committee, and on Wednesday and Thursday went through its final stages. It is just within a fortnight that this important Bill was introduced to the notice of the House of Commons, and already it has run through all its stages, a striking illustration of the new order of things. Wednesday afternoon was devoted to Ireland, which is not having quite as much time appropriated to it as during recent Sessions. Mr. Parnell brought in a Bill dealing with the smouldering question of arrears. The object of his measure was to extend the Land Act passed last year, so as to endow the Land Courts with authority to order payment of arrears to be made by instalments, and to take a more or less large slice off the total amount claimed. This was met by an amendment moved by Mr. Powell Williams on behalf of the party led by Lord Hartington, proposing as a better plan that legislation should deal not only with arrears, but with the debts of tenants to other creditors besides the landlord. After an interesting and business-like debate, the Bill was rejected by a majority of 85, and the amendment agreed to by a majority of 90.



THE TURF.—Flat-racing for 1888 began on Monday in Litter weather with the Lincoln Spring (?) Meeting. Petroleum had the honour of winning the first race of the season, Claudian in the hands of Webb (who has quite recovered from his recent illness) secured the Carholme Selling Plate, and Lord Randolph Churchill enjoyed the unusual sensation of seeing his colours successful by the victory of his colt by Mask—Cinderella in the Tathwell Plate, though a protest on the ground of wrong description has since been raised, and referred to the Stewards of the Jockey Club. The chief event of the day was the Battyany Stakes, which Fulmen secured for Mr. Naylor. On Tuesday, Parga won the Maiden Plate, and, being afterwards pulled out again for the Castle Selling Plate, secured that also. Horton won the Hainton Stakes, Eglamore and Greenwich ran a dead heat for the Doddington Plate, while Donovan, Poem, and Madame Galvani were the three youngsters who obtained places (in the order named) in the Brocklesby Stakes. Wednesday saw the decision of the first great race of the season, the Lincolnshire Handicap. There were twenty-five runners as against twenty last year, and of these Oberon and Harpenden were made equal favourites. Neither they nor any of the much-fancied horses were "in it," however, and the winner turned up in Veracity, who started at 50 to 1, Tyrone (33 to 1) being second, and Lobster (25 to 1) third. Petroleum scored again in the Mile Selling Plate, M.P. won the Welbeck Plate, and Master Charlie the Lincoln Cup. There was some unimportant steeplechasing at Four Oaks Park and Plumpton last week.

THE UNIVERSITY BOAT-RACE will (weather permitting) be rowed to-day (Saturday) at about 11 A.M. Oxford has at present won twenty-three times and Cambridge twenty, while in 1877 there was the famous "dead heat by a yard." For to-day's race Cambridge were at time of writing strong favourites. This is chiefly due, we fancy, to the prestige of their last year's victory, to the fact of their having a heavier stroke than their opponents, and to the presence in the boat of such a fine oarsman as Muttiebury. The Oxford men, on the other hand, are better together, and seem especially at home in rough water. We fancy, therefore, that the race will not be such a runaway affair as the state of the odds would appear to indicate.

BILLIARDS.—In some respects the match which took place at the Aquarium last week between Peall and Mitchell was one of the most remarkable on record. In point of play the men are as even as can be wished, yet during the last three days Mitchell had practically to play the part of spectator while Peall made an extraordinary series of large breaks, the biggest of which was 2,031, and finally won by 8,247 points. Peall also scored 184 consecutive screw-back spot-strokes—best on record—and his average break throughout the week, even including misses and safety-shots, was 214. In comparison with this sort of thing, the play of the amateurs who are contesting the Amateur Championship appears very tame. The best of the London division is Mr. S. S. Christy, who, subject to an inquiry into his amateur status, will very likely be the ultimate winner of the title.

FOOTBALL.—For the first time since 1879, and only for the third time in the history of the match, the English Associationists have defeated the Scotch. The match was played on Saturday at Glasgow, when the winners showed far and away the better combination, and finally were successful by five goals to love. Swifts (the holders) beat Old Westminsters in the first round of the London Charity Cup, and will now have to meet Casuals in the final, while Clapton beat Edmonton in the final of the London Junior Cup. A weak team of Preston North End could only make a draw with Crewe Alexandra; West Bromwich Albion (who meet North End in the final of the Cup to-day at the Oval) defeated Stoke; and Aston Villa beat Blackburn Rovers. Rugbywise Southerners have reason to rejoice. Manchester has gone down before Blackheath and Middlesex Wanderers, while Lancashire has succumbed to Middlesex.

CRICKET.—Mr. Vernon's Eleven left Australia for home on Monday. They have done exceedingly well, having won twelve matches (including seven of their nine first-class fixtures), lost only one (against New South Wales), and drawn fourteen. For the representative matches Mr. W. W. Read has the fine average of 55, but in the figures for all matches Mr. Stoddart just heads him with 36 to 35. Both Peel and Abel batted consistently well throughout the tour. We regret to hear that the injury to Bates' eye will put an end to his cricketing.

MISCELLANEOUS.—The University Sports were to be decided yesterday (Friday) at the new Queen's Club Ground, West Kensington.—Another cowboy-bicyclist race is in progress at the Agricultural Hall. On Wednesday the horseman (Broncho Charley and Marve Bardsley) had scored 440 miles 1,001 yards to the 440 miles 1,320 yards of the cyclists (Dubois, Young, and Woodside).—Mitchell and Sullivan were sentenced (in their absence) by the Court of Senlis to six days' imprisonment and fines of 200 francs.—In consequence of the bad weather the Gosforth Gold Cup Coursing Meeting has been postponed till April 4th.



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The young people moved to the windows and watched him ride away.

# THE MYSTERY OF MIRBRIDGE

By JAMES PAYN,

AUTHOR OF "BY PROXY," "UNDER ONE ROOF," &amp;C., &amp;C.

## CHAPTER XXII.

### IN THE BILLIARD ROOM

THERE is nothing in social life which is more agreeable to young women than to be admitted into the sanctuaries of the other sex. A dinner at a bachelor's rooms has always more charms for them than the ordinary "cock and hen" festivities; if there should be any inconvenience as regards space or accommodation, that only adds to "the fun" of the thing; the sense of sacrilege—of penetrating, be it ever so little, into the mysteries of man—is delightful to them. This is what makes the billiard-room of a country house their favourite apartment. They are dimly aware that matters go on there, in their absence, very differently; that when gentlemen are alone they are much less reserved in their manners; lay wagers, indulge in brandies and soda, and occasionally, when they miss their strokes, indulge in strong language; that they are not so patient with their partners, and certainly never give them lessons—often unnecessarily prolonged—as to holding their cue, or making a bridge; and that the marking board especially, is not a subject for jokes. From this sanctum, chaperons as a general rule are excluded; the bonds of conversation are relaxed; and all goes as merry as a marriage bell, a metaphor that seems somehow peculiarly appropriate to the situation. Each young gentleman is literally a host in himself, and vies with the others in doing the honours to their visitors.

To both Clara and Lucy billiards had been a joy unknown until the arrival of the Trevors, and it formed one of the chief attractions at the Court to both of them; but it was only Lucy who cared for the game itself. To her sister it was a very secondary object, and it pleased her to take part in it solely on account of the opportunities it afforded her of learning other things. The atmosphere of the place suited Hugh Trevor much better than that of the drawing-room, and in it he unconsciously displayed his true character. This, more or less, is a peculiarity of all games, which should therefore never be despised by those who would be students of human nature. When engaged in serious affairs of any kind—not excluding love-making—men have a definite end in view, and mould their behaviour so as to attain it; but at play they are off their guard. If money is concerned their natures can be read like print; the lust of gain is shameless, and makes no effort at concealment; cunning drops its specious mask, and shows itself in its own paltry guise; the mean advantage, the small trickery, proclaim the rogue in grain, though he may never ripen for the gallows. And even when money is not concerned, there are indications enough; a man, for example, must be an angel indeed who misses his stroke at billiards without a murmur; on the other hand, if the top of his cue

comes off, and he remains dumb, the conclusion one rightly draws is still more disadvantageous to him; such unnatural self-command suggests the murderer. From misfortunes of this graver kind Hugh Trevor's skill and prudence preserved him; he was a good player, and, as is the case with most of us in whatever we do well, he took pains to excel.

Charley was equal to him in execution, but did not look so far ahead. Gurdon was only a moderate performer.

"I will stand and mark," was his apt quotation as soon as he discovered his inferiority, and that humble position at the scoring board he had maintained; it afforded him welcome opportunities of observation. The two brothers amused him. They were both good raconteurs; and in their choice of stories, as often happens, their characters could be detected. Hugh had a dry and caustic wit; he delighted in painting the weakness, and even the wickedness, of his fellow creatures; he was a fish that loved the mud, and rose to no fancy flies. Charley was full of high spirits and good humour, and liked to tickle the heart-strings.

On the morning when Mrs. Thorne called at the Court to speak with Lady Trevor about the invitation from Catesby, she left her daughters at the door of the billiard-room, where their three cavaliers were waiting for them. The two sisters and the two brothers played together, as usual, Hugh being partner with Clara, and Charley with Lucy: a fair arrangement enough; but the former pair were generally beaten through Clara's shortcomings, which Hugh resented not a little. He was a man who always expected to get the better of his fellow-creatures, and, if he failed in doing so, would inquire with frowning brow of the government of the universe how such things could be. On the present occasion there was no necessity for going so far for an explanation. Clara either failed in carrying out his instructions, or missed her stroke altogether. There is a story told of an old Scotch Lord of Session, who, playing with a lady at whist, suddenly exclaimed, "What a d—d old fool you are?" Immediately afterwards he apologised, explaining that for the moment he had mistaken her for his wife. Hugh looked at Clara, when she made a mess of his game, as the Lord of Session must have looked. His lips moved, and, though they said nothing, one could easily guess what sort of words they were shaping. Clara herself, however, seemed utterly unconscious that anything of the kind was taking place. Whether she struck her ball too high or too low, or on the wrong side, she never seemed aware of failures. "What is wanting in effect," she seemed to be saying to herself confidently, "is more than compensated for by the grace and dignity of my movements." If she had once acknowledged herself in the wrong, she felt that Hugh would not have spared her; if she had said, as girls do under the like circumstances, "How

stupid I am!" she knew that far from combatting the remark her would have corroborated it; and she never gave him the opportunity. Sometimes a cloud crossed his face—caused less by her blunders than her studied indifference to them—only too full of meaning; like the scowl "the navy" bestows upon "his old woman" before company, a "wait-till-I-get-you-home" look, that makes the lady shiver. But Clara Thorne did not shiver, though she partly comprehended its meaning. The two young people were by this time on very confidential terms; it was not remarked by the other couple, who were very literally otherwise engaged, but Gurdon, the observant, had said to himself more than once, "Those two understand one another;" and at all events one of them understood the other. It could hardly be said that the more she saw of him the more she liked him, but her knowledge in no respect weakened her resolve. She had scratched her Russian, and found him a Tartar; but the discovery had not alarmed her; she only said to herself, "I must tame the Tartar."

The first words she had said to him that morning, as they were selecting their cues, were, "So you have got your way;" an allusion to the invitation from Catesby Hall. "I generally do," had been his grim response.

"You remind me," she answered, smiling, "of Mr. Barry Lyndon."

"Who was he?" he answered, surlily; he felt an uneasy consciousness that he ought to know.

"An Irish gentleman who flattered himself he could break any woman's heart in a week."

He grinned as if she had paid him a compliment; it pleased him to think that he could win her heart without giving himself the trouble of pretending to be soft and tender; but this consciousness only made her indifference to his approval more irritating. If she were willing to take him without warranty, as it were, why did she not show more subservience to his whims and fancies? She had never paid less attention to his teaching at billiards than that morning, and her disobedience, as he called it in his own mind, had caused him to lose three consecutive games. At the conclusion of the last, he put away his cue and declined to play any more.

"Come, Gurdon, will you play?" inquired Charles, with a certain significant inflection in his tone, that could not have been mistaken by much duller ears than those which heard it. It seemed to say, "You are not given to the sulks, at all events." But before the young painter could reply, Clara, who, though reserving to herself the right of rebellion, would strike in for her tyrant when he was attacked by others, had pretended she was tired, so they all took their seats about the fire—which was always lighted when the day was wet—and began to chatter. The rain reminded Charley



of his last wet day in London, on which a humorous incident had taken place.

He had been dragged to a great marriage, where five hundred people had snatched a meal, which had looked like a ball supper; but was called "breakfast," and were all yearning to get away; they had overflowed from the crowded house under the long awning, through which the wet dripped, waiting for their fine carriages; a fat woman stood upon his toe, giving him pain that would have been intolerable but for his belief (subsequently shown to be unfounded) that she was a Duchess. The inconveniences endured by this fashionable mob in their pursuit of pleasure, their selfishness and brutality to one another, he described with the more gusto since he saw it displeased his brother. Suddenly a splendid footman attached to the establishment called for a four-wheeled cab. Everybody looked at one another aghast. It was only the least distinguished of the guests, who had ventured to come in even what the Americans call "one horse affairs," something drawn by a single quadruped, but still their own. The very horses, champing their bits, seemed to throw up their noses in scorn at the summons in their midst of such a vehicle. Presently, however, it emerged from the sea of chariots, and drove up to the door a sorry spectacle, indeed. The driver had a pipe in his mouth, and a patch over his eye; the window was broken and mended with brown paper; it was the most debauched-looking "growler" that ever was seen; that it should delay for a moment the advent of a respectable carriage seemed an inversion of the laws of Nature. But not a laugh was heard; a sense of humour is not what fashionable folks most pride themselves upon. On the contrary, there was "the hushed amazement of hand and eye" at the prospect of seeing the person who had evoked this terrible conveyance get into it. "The four-wheeled cab!" exclaimed the footman, in stentorian tones. There was no response; the individual who had ordered it, like the student who raised the Devil, shrank from the enterprise he had so rashly entered upon. He had not bargained for a cab like that. Three times did the frenzied footman repeat his challenge, while the driver smoked on unmoved, regarding the brilliant throng like Barbarism looking down on Civilisation, but the glove lay where it fell, and eventually the four-wheeled cab was sent away.

It was a good story admirably told, though with too strong a dash of contempt.

"You seem to me, Mr. Charles, to enjoy breaking a butterfly on a wheel," said Clara.

"He likes men and women better than gentlemen and ladies," remarked Hugh, nodding approval, and not displeased to be in accord again with the fair speaker.

"I confess I prefer Mirbridge to Mayfair," observed Charles, sententiously.

"I am not quite sure whether that is a compliment," said Lucy doubtfully. "Does he mean that you and I are outside the gilded pale of society, Clara?"

"Indeed, I did not mean that," put in Charlie confusedly.

"He means that he prefers farmers to people of fashion," emphasised Hugh. "I can't say I agree with him. Let me tell you a story Mr. Jacob Austin told me the other day, in perfect good faith, and with the idea that he was making a favourable impression on me—it is very characteristic."

"Why take Farmer Austin, instead of Farmer Wurzel, as a type of his class?" inquired Charles.

"Silence for Mr. Jacob Austin's story," exclaimed Gurdon, striking the marking-board with his cue like the chairman of a public meeting.

"The farmer and I were talking about the rogues in Mirbridge—"

"But I beg to say there are none," interrupted Lucy, indignantly.

"Ho, ho! I like that," sneered Hugh. "Why, I saw one, and a very big one, ride past that window not an hour ago."

"Mr. Morris is your land steward, Mr. Hugh, and we have nothing to do with him; he does not belong to papa's parish. Clara, why don't you defend our people against this slander?"

"Well, my dear, we have a black sheep or two, it must be confessed," said Clara. "There is your friend, Jack Beeton, for example."

She had mentioned him, merely to give a helping hand to Hugh; but no sooner had the name passed her lips than she regretted it. She was generally very careful to avoid all allusion to him.

"Oh, as to Jack," said Hugh with an uncomfortable laugh, "there is nothing much amiss with him, except poaching."

"But I thought poaching was one of the deadly sins?" observed Charles drily.

Hugh's face turned scarlet, but he took no notice of the observation. "Mr. Austin's story," he said, "refers only to the past. I asked him whether a robbery had ever been committed at Mirbridge. 'Yes,' he replied; 'and in this very farm, just seventy years ago. My grandfather lived here before me, and died at ninety-five—he was a very fine old man. In those days people did not send their money to the bank every market-day, but kept it till there was a good sum in hand. He had two hundred guineas in the house at the time in question. He was away at Derby, and there were only female servants in the house when the robbery was committed. It was done by three men, two of them strangers—professionals from London; but the third was a discharged farm-servant of his own, who had lived with him thirty years. They all wore black crape on their faces; but the mask of this man had slipped aside, and he had been recognised. When my father came home and learnt what had happened, he was in a pretty state. He was a very fine old man, and went to work with a will. There were no telegraphs in those days; but he had handbills printed, with a description of the thieves, and every mail-cart was supplied with one. As there were no railways, the robbers could only take to the high-road. As two of them were used to the work, it was likely that they, being Londoners, would make for town—and so it turned out. They were caught at Oxford—all three of them—and brought back to Derby for trial. My grandfather gave his evidence, and swore to the guineas, some of which he had marked—he was a very fine old man; and they were all convicted. The farm-servant had had a good deal said for him by the girls, who, but for him, would have been ill-treated by the other two; and, before the Judge passed sentence, he spoke to my grandfather about him. 'This man, Mr. Austin, it seems, lived with you for thirty years, and, before he committed this heinous crime you had no fault to find with him. Perhaps, in consideration of that circumstance, and because he restrained his companions from ill-treating the women, you may—as prosecutor—wish some difference to be made in his punishment. The other two will certainly be hung; what say you?' 'Then my grandfather replied as follows: 'My lord, since they all came together, in God's name, let them all go together'—he was a very fine old man."

"What a terrible story!" exclaimed Lucy.

"It is not my story," returned Hugh laughing. "It was told me by your papa's leading parishioner and churchwarden."

"It seems to have amused you very much."

"It did. Mr. Austin's *beau idéal* of a fine old man tickled me exceedingly."

Lucy did not reply, but her face spoke for her. She would have disliked Hugh Trevor in any case; but, on account of his relations with her sister, she detested him. She could not think of encouraging one so cruel and sardonic.

"I suppose mamma has gone home, Clara?"

"Yes, a long time ago. I saw her cross the courtyard just as Mr. Morris rode up."

"Speak of an angel and you hear the flutter of his wings," observed Mr. Gurdon. "There goes the gentleman in question."

There was a clatter of hoofs in the courtyard as the land agent was seen mounted on his cob, well protected from the pouring rain by waterproof and overall. The young people moved to the windows and watched him ride away. His usually rubicund face had lost its colour, and his huge frame was bowed over the horse's head.

"Something has put him out," continued Mr. Gurdon, thoughtfully. "I suppose he has made a good deal of money in his calling?"

"Added to what he has made by thrift," remarked Clara.

"Did you say thrift or theft?" said the painter, slyly.

"It is very often much the same thing, Mr. Gurdon."

"A very just observation, Miss Thorne," he answered, admiringly.

"The man that never gives is always ready to take."

In the meantime Hugh and Charles were growling at one another—subject the classes and the masses. Near relatives do not quarrel about such matters unless they want to quarrel—they agree to differ, but the two brothers agreed in nothing.

"I say that your swells have the worst morals and the worst manners of all except the criminal classes," Charles was saying.

"How do you know?" was Hugh's sneering rejoinder. The shaft went home, for not even a Radical likes to be told that he is unacquainted with the nobility of his native land. Hugh rubbed it in with a contemptuous laugh.

"Pooh, pooh," he continued, "you will never persuade me that Jacob Austin, or, for that matter, Jonathan Wurzel is my equal."

"I was not speaking of you, I was talking about the aristocracy," replied Charles.

It was a neat little thrust, and Hugh winced at it, for no one appreciated his own "position" in the world so highly as himself. "The question is—" he began, hotly.

"Where are we to have lunch?" put in Clara, authoritatively.

"We have not been invited, yet, my dear Lucy, to have it here, and in the mean while, we are missing our humble meal at home."

"Well, of course you are going to have it here," said Hugh, ungraciously; he did not like his thunder being stopped in mid-volley, though there was that in Clara's tone which quelled him.

"There goes the gong," cried Gurdon, with a gasp of genuine satisfaction (for he knew how narrowly a fraternal row had been escaped). "Hooray!"

(To be continued)



THE interior of China is still sufficiently a *terra incognita* to render bright and natural description of a portion of its life and scenery more interesting than the bulk of travel narratives usually are. "Through the Yang-tse Gorges" (Sampson Low), by Mr. Archibald Little, F.R.G.S., is a book which admits of such qualification. A thousand miles from Shanghai stands Ichang, at the mouth of the mountain ravines out of which the Yang-tse issues. Through these wild gorges, lovely and imposing, according to Mr. Little, beyond all power of description, is the water-road to the rich and populous province of Szechuen, which the foreign commercial classes of China are anxious to bring within the circle of the world's trade. The work before us describes Mr. Little's journey from Hankow, which is six hundred miles up the Yang-tse, to Chung-King, the capital of Szechuen. The author spoke Chinese, was familiar with the customs and prejudices of the people, and so he takes us more thoroughly behind the scenes in Chinese life than would have been possible to a less completely equipped traveller. He asserts that our trade with China is not a tenth of what it might be under proper conditions. The difficulties to be contended with are:—the rudimentary condition of communications; the discouragement of mining and other enterprises, which might afford employment to the population displaced by the introduction of improved methods; and the multiplicity of inland tax stations. On opium-smoking Mr. Little observes:—"As for its pernicious effects, I look upon the money and time wasted upon it as far worse than its direct effects on health. In China, where the wages of a working-man barely suffice to keep body and soul together, the money spent on opium is withdrawn from daily food; hence the half-starved appearance of opium smokers among the poor, and the cruel destitution their families often suffer; but how many opium-smokers, in easy circumstances, does one meet with seriously injured by the drug? I have never met one myself during a twenty-five years' stay in the country, and extensive intercourse with natives of every class." To those who are concerned about the opening up of China to Western trade and civilisation, "Through the Yang-tse Gorges" will be a mine of useful pleasantly-imparted information.

Another book, which will repay perusal side by side with Mr. Little's, is "Life in Corea" (Macmillan), by Mr. W. R. Carles, F.R.G.S., now H.M. Vice-Consul in Shanghai, and formerly H.M. Consul in Corea. The country, though a good deal has been written about it, is comparatively fresh ground. Mr. Carles saw much of the people and of their mode of life, and knows how to present his impressions graphically and agreeably to his readers. In his search for curios the only distinctly native articles he found were iron caskets inlaid with silver, the pattern of which was sometimes very delicate. These boxes closed with a spring, which yielded to pressure on a knob placed inside the handle. They appear to have been meant for tobacco receptacles. The upper-class Coreans would seem to be more cleanly than the Chinese. The youth of Corea afforded the author considerable amusement. We quote the following characteristic description of them:—"Another species of the same genus," he writes, "was the boy-waiter who, in lieu of a hat, carried on his head a small round table charged with dishes of rice, pork, cabbage, wine, and sauce for some customer who has ordered his meal from a restaurant. The tables were all of the same size, about eighteen inches in diameter, circular, and with a small gap in the fringe of the woodwork underneath the slab to allow of the bearer's head slipping easily in and out. These boys were all bachelors, and wore their hair in a queue down their backs, and had a very different air from the young swell of thirteen or fourteen, who boasted a wife at home, wore his hair in a knot under a man's tall hat, and swaggered about in long, white robes with a pipe in his hand, and with almost as vacuous an air as any masher of the West." The illustrations of "Life in Corea," from Corean artists, are delightfully comic. Literature, however, does not flourish, though it is noticeable that circulating libraries on an exceedingly petty scale do exist in the capital. It is impossible, however, to give more than a slight idea of the amount of gossiping information about a strange land, and strange people, contained in Mr. Carles' lively book.

The biographies of most of the very distinguished operatic singers of the last three centuries is given by Mr. H. Sutherland Edwards in "The Prima Donna: Her History and Surroundings, from the Seventeenth to the Nineteenth Century" (Remington). Mr. Edwards has collected from its repositories a great deal of information, and placed it in convenient form for reference. Of the *prime donne* of to-day, Patti, Albani, and so on, what he has to say will scarcely be novel to the ordinary newspaper reader. Consequently

his first volume will be most attractive, where the author supplies us with vivacious anecdotic sketches of Anastasia Robinson, Lavinia Fenton, Sophie Arnould, Catalani, Colbran, Rossini, Pasta, Sontag, Malibran, and Grisi. A strange anecdote is told of the extreme delicacy and sensitiveness of Mario's throat. "I have been with him at the theatre," says the author, "when he has opened the window of his dressing-room on a hot summer night, and leant out to smoke a cigar. He was in capital voice, and without the least trace of hoarseness. After smoking for a few minutes, he became while speaking suddenly so husky as to be almost unable to continue the opera in which he was singing." The two volumes of the "Prima Donna" can be cordially recommended to all who feel an interest in their subject.

A clever though scarcely a brilliant little book is that by "The Prig," and entitled "The Churgress" (Kegan Paul). It is a parody of the proceedings at a Church Congress, and its object apparently to throw ridicule on certain supposed claims and pretensions of the Anglican clergy, in a way to be most largely appreciated by a sympathiser with the Papacy. The following excerpt taken from the sermon of the Bishop of Northumberland to the Congress may give a fair idea of the style:—"And what, dear brethren, is the *spiritual counterpart* of our national centripetality and centrifugality? *Shall we not say that, in a spiritual sense, the centrifugal force is the English dislike of shams of all kinds, of imitations professing to be realities, and of religions which are neither one thing nor the other? Yes! These are the elements which make up the centrifugal force*, that inclines people to desert the Church of their baptism. On the other hand, the stubborn stupidity of the average John Bull, the *home fondness*, which makes an Englishman dislike the idea of being turned out and cut off with a shilling, or of having to resign a comfortable living, the *exceptional fecundity of the race*, a fecundity which makes a man with a large family afraid of offending a patron—these are the elements which make up the centripetal attraction, that inclines people to 'stay where they are.'"

Characterised by scholarly grace and a keen wit is Mr. Charles J. Dunphie's volume of essays, "The Chameleon? Fugitive Fancies on Many-coloured Matters" (Ward and Downey). The author is fond of the paradoxical, and one of the sprightliest of his chapters is the one on "The Duty and Delight of Being in Debt." Tradesmen possibly may find more flippancy than humour in the following:—"Say that I pay for the article I purchase. There is no tie to bind me to the seller. I go my way, and am clean forgotten. If I become poor, miserable, and ill, he reckons not. Nay, though I should die, he would not shed a tear. Not being in his ledger, neither am I in the book and volume of his memory. But if I have not indulged in the prosaic process of payment, how different are our relations! He never forgets me—never, oh, never! I have a cherished place in his remembrance. Ever and anon he sends me sweet mementoes. If Fortune frowns upon me he is filled with mournful solicitude. If sickness afflicts me, he too suffers with tremulous sympathy." Odd half hours may be whiled away not unpleasantly with "The Chameleon."

A useful book to intelligent Art-lovers is Mr. Harry Attwell's "The Italian Masters" (Sampson Low). It is written with special reference to the Italian pictures in the National Gallery, and so will be valuable as a guide to those who day by day wander through the rooms of that Institution. Indeed, Mr. Attwell's aim is to point out to the uninitiated visitor the collections of pictures by Italian masters, the qualities that distinguish each Italian painter of mark, and, by linking chronologically the representatives of the great schools, to convey a clearer notion of the progress and decline of the Art of painting in Italy than can readily be obtained from guide-books and alphabetical catalogues. Biographical facts are not given much prominence in what is a handbook, except where the circumstances of a painter's career have had a direct and important influence upon his Art. The frontispiece of the work is a fine photogravure of Andrea Montegna's "The Virgin and Child Enthroned with John the Baptist and the Magdalen."

Educational reformers will find much which is suggestive in Mr. Charles G. Leland's "Practical Education" (Whittaker), in which he treats of the development of memory, the increasing quickness of perception, and training the constructive faculty. Mr. Leland has been Director of the Public Industrial Art School of Philadelphia, and so is no mere empiric in the matters which he handles. His general theory is that, before learning, children should acquire the art of learning, or, as he puts it in the words of one Arthur Macarthur, we should intellectualise them before attempting to improve their intellects. Schoolmasters might do worse than consider the detailed arguments advanced by the author in support of his theories.

Mr. Edward Abram describes clearly and unpretentiously his journeyings in Biblical lands under the title, "A Ride Through Syria" (Abram and Sons). He visited Damascus and Baalbec, and ascended Mount Hermon. His book of travel is nicely bound, prettily and plentifully illustrated, and should be very readable for his friends.

"The Dawn of the Twentieth Century" (Field and Tuer) is prefaced by a retrospect written on the 1st January, 1901. Practically it is a forecast. Fourteen years is a long way to look in the darkness of the future in these quickly-moving times. There seems to us nothing in "The Dawn of the Twentieth Century" striking or amusing enough to justify its futile prophesying. It does not stir our imagination, nor add to our stock of knowledge.

To a thorough understanding of the great Jewish philosopher whose name is popularly associated with Pantheism, Principal Caird of Glasgow lends his capable aid in "Spinoza" (William Blackwood). Dr. Caird endeavours to elucidate the teaching of Spinoza, whose modern interpreters by their discordancy have done much to render him unnecessarily ambiguous. Perhaps it may be because of the difficulties of the subject that the Principal does not commend himself here so much by his lucidity as by his familiarity with his theme.

A second and revised edition of Mr. Francis T. Vine's "Cæsar in Kent" (Elliot Stock) has been issued, and the work has been rendered still more interesting by the addition of two excellent maps. One shows Julius Cæsar's route in his two expeditions to Britain, the other indicates the position probably occupied by the British and Roman armies, when Cæsar returned to Barham Downs after repairing his shattered fleet at Deal.

A capital little book for boys is the "Playground of Science," which gives a number of easy but interesting experiments in natural science. Little apparatus is wanted, and the instructions are further elucidated by excellent diagrammatic illustrations.

"My Telescope, and Some Objects which it Shows Me," by a "Quekett Club Man" (Roper and Drowley), is, as it claims to be, a simple introduction to the elements of practical astronomy. The work contains simple descriptions of the sun and planets, together with hints as to what can be seen with a telescope of small power. There are also chapters on fixed, double, and coloured stars, the information afforded being brief, concise, and intelligible to the humblest student. The work will be a useful guide-book to amateurs who are making their first astronomical researches.

We have also received "Adelaide Ristori: An Autobiography" (W. H. Allen); "Natural Law in the Business World" (Lee and Shepard), by Mr. Henry Wood; the Rev. H. Kingsmill Moore's "Class Teaching" (Church of England Sunday School Institute); "Thomson's Seasons," illustrated from the original copper-plates, engraved in 1792, and "Tristram Shandy," similarly illustrated,



both in the Leadenhall Press Sixpenny Series; "Electrical Instrument Making for Amateurs" (Whittaker), by Mr. S. R. Bottone; and "Grace and Folly, or Dancing and Dancers" (Ward and Downey), by Mr. Edward Scott; and "Tables of European History, Literature, Science, and Art, from A.D. 200 to 1883; and of American History, Literature, and Art," prepared by Professor John Nichol, M.A., of Glasgow, and published by Messrs. James Maclehose and Sons.

## WHITEBAIT

WHITEBAIT being *par excellence* a rich man's fish, much astonishment is usually expressed when those who partake of it are told, as they sometimes are, that it is the sprat they are eating under another name. But so it is, there being in reality no such fish as whitebait, that term having been adopted to cover those tiny denizens of the deep which for many years have formed a feature of fashionable bills of fare, both in private houses and popular restaurants. At one period—and even to-day—the dish of whitebait sent to table nearly always included examples of the young of many kinds of fish taken by the fishermen engaged in capturing the much-prized dainty—the old proverb of all being fish that comes to the net being in this well exemplified. Such men as the late Mr. Buckland and Mr. Francis Francis, as also several naturalists now living, when occasionally looking over the whitebait stores of London fishmongers, were frequently able to identify the young of about a dozen different fishes, but, as a rule, the bulk of the supply is composed of infantile herrings and the young of the sprat indiscriminately, admitting, for the sake of argument, that the sprat is a distinct member of the herring family. What are called the "fry" (young) of several other fishes fall into the take, according to the season, so that it is not unusual to find wevers, gobies, and sand-eels, as also smelts, pipe-fish, and sticklebacks, sent to table under the general name of whitebait, or, as the fishermen say, "bait."

Some rather smart controversies have occasionally taken place as to the natural history of whitebait; there have been naturalists who from time to time have dogmatically asserted whitebait to be a distinct member of the herring family, breeding and feeding on its own account, just as men did in the case of the par, when they pronounced that fish to be a distinct member of the salmon family, instead of the young of *salmo salar* in the first stage of its growth. Mr. Larkin, a well-known Cheapside fishmonger, took much pains some years ago to demonstrate in practical fashion that whitebait are young shad. That gentleman was able to marshal a considerable show of these fish, from the smallest to the largest of the family, in proof of his contention. Mr. Larkin's plan was ingenious, but his exhibition failed to prove sufficiently convincing—the Scotch verdict of "Not proven" representing best the opinions of those entitled to judge. Although fishes of every kind are abundantly endowed with the powers of reproduction, shad, as a rule, are seldom seen in quantities in the retail fish shops. The question, therefore, naturally arises in connection with Mr. Larkin's contention: whitebait being so numerous, how comes the parent fish to be scarce? On the other hand, the herring, in its various seasons, is one of our most abundant fishes; as a matter of fact, it is being captured somewhere all the year round, and no wonder, seeing that each female of the family is endowed with the fructifying power of from 20,000 to 35,000 eggs, so that, in one shape or another, the produce of this fish ought to be plentiful in the extreme, and so it is—over 2,600,000,000 herrings being annually taken in a state of more or less maturity by the fishermen of the three kingdoms. If the number of pilchards, sprats, and whitebait caught were added to these figures, the total number of the herring family shown as being captured would be prodigious indeed.

Who was the first person to assert that whitebait were young shad is not known, but Mr. Donovan, in his "History of British Fishes," did his best to spread the error. As has been indicated, the shad is not a plentiful fish, but were it the parent of the whitebait, tens of thousands would be required to produce the quantities of these piscine dainties of the table which are annually sold, as many sometimes reaching Billingsgate in one day as a million! When Pennant wrote, and he, it may be mentioned, thought that whitebait were the young of the bleak, the little fish had not become the fashionable fare it is now, being in his time eaten only by common people; that "lower order of epicures," who to-day are well contented to feed on the much larger, and very unfashionable, sprat. Whitebait, obtained from the Baltic Sea, are largely consumed in many parts of Germany, where they are known as young smelts.

On one occasion the late Mr. Francis, when Naturalist Director of the Aquarium at Brighton, prepared for the use of a Parliamentary Committee a brief statement, showing that, of many examples of whitebait placed in some of the tanks of that institution, the great bulk of them proved in good time to be herrings.

The consumption of whitebait is much larger than is generally supposed. A well-known fishery economist has calculated that the public pay scarcely less in the course of the year for those young herrings and infantile sprats than sixty thousand pounds. The season for the consumption of these fish lasts from the middle of January to the end of July, or for a period of about two hundred days. Whitebait now forms a feature in the *menu* of all important dinners in town and country, supplies being obtained by provincial fishmongers from the London dealers. In the great metropolis there are about one thousand clubs, hotels, and restaurants which make a feature of supplying their visitors with this fashionable fish. A score or so of the more popular "eating-houses" expend from one to three pounds a day for their supplies of "bait," whilst the well-frequented taverns and hotels of Blackwall, Greenwich, and the Richmond will doubtless in the season exceed the highest of these sums. But if the number of clubs and restaurants indicated each purchase only a crown's-worth *per diem*, the money so expended would, in that event, amount to 250*l.*, which, for a period of two hundred days, would represent a total sum of 50,000*l.* per annum. According to a calculation made by the late Frank Buckland, one of Her Majesty's Inspectors of Fisheries, half-a-ton of whitebait is caught every day during the season, the wholesale price of which ranges, or used to range, from fifteen pence to half-a-crown a quart, according to supply and demand. These fish, as most people know, are very small; it requires on the average about one hundred and sixty of them to weigh a pound. On some mornings vast quantities of these tiny denizens of the deep arrive at the railway station on their way to the dealers in the great piscatorial bourse of Billingsgate.

More than a century has elapsed since whitebait came in vogue as a fish of quality. "Bait," as it was originally called, was "invented" as a table delicacy by a Thames fisherman named Cannon. He it was, at any rate, who introduced the fish to the Blackwall and Greenwich hotel and tavern-keepers of the period. Curiously enough, the authorities of the Thames Conservancy board, suspecting that whitebait were in reality fry of the herring, or shad—then apparently a more plentiful fish than it is to-day—forbade their capture; but Cannon, who had by perseverance founded a rather lucrative trade in "bait," fought the Board, and was, in time, able to convince the authorities that the fish he purveyed was "a distinct species of fish, and not the fry of any other, however similar in appearance." This brings us back to a farther consideration of the natural history of the fish, which, it is beyond doubt, is the young of the herring and sprat indiscriminately. There are, however, persons who say sprats are really young herrings, and that the

whitebait is undoubtedly the sprat in an early stage of its life. But, again, it has been over and over again stoutly contended that a sprat is simply a sprat, and will never become a herring; curiously enough, however, sprats and young herrings are often (indeed, it may be said *always*) captured in the same net. Moreover, it is very singular that Mr. Buckland—and no man had a better knowledge of the British fisheries—declared that he was "quite ignorant of the time of sprats spawning," and among the great numbers he had handled in the course of his numerous fishery inquiries he had never found one of these fish with any traces of roe or milt! It can now be stated, without fear of contradiction, that whitebait are to be found wherever there are herrings; they have been captured again and again in the Forth and Clyde, and various places in England, where they have been identified by naturalists as being young herrings or growing sprats.

The culinary history of our fish is devoid of incident: custom has long consigned all "fry" to the frying-pan; and, in consequence, whitebait are, as a rule, sent to table direct from that useful kitchen utensil. It requires, however, some degree of practice before a cook is able successfully to send these fish to the dining-room done to the proverbial "turn." Bait, when being prepared for dinner, ought never to be touched by the hands. Lift them with a spoon, and lay them on a cloth which has been well-coated with flour; toss the fish about for a little time in a colander, so as to get quit of the superfluous dust; then fry them for, say, a couple of minutes in very hot lard. Lift and drain off the fat; then dish them on a very hot china or silver plate. Thus you have "whitebait *à la mode*." A squeeze of lemon brings out the flavour, and the delicately-cut brown bread-and-butter is much appreciated. Great care is necessary on the part of the cook to prevent the "bait" from forming into a cake. Each fish should be "separate and individual."

J. G. B.



"ONLY THE GOVERNESS," as the title of a novel, would once upon a time have signified the tale of how a lovely, charming, and amiable young woman, of universal accomplishments, was crushed and trampled upon by brutal employers until she either turned the tables upon them by marrying the heir to a dukedom, or else died of consumption. Rosa Nouchette Carey, in her novel of that name (3 vols.: Bentley and Son), has made her governess more in keeping with modern notions; indeed "only" is altogether misleading in the case of a governess who lived in such an ideally virtuous and amiable world, in which all the men are Bayards and all the women Bayardesses—to coin a convenient word. People have a way of falling in love with Mrs. Thorpe, *alias* Miss Rossiter; but in such chivalrous fashion, that one of her Bayards, when he finds out that she is Mrs. instead of Miss, and not yet a widow, is overcome with remorse enough for his perfectly innocent mistake to make one think him guilty of the unpardonable sin. A combination, universally, of ideal virtue with very small beer does not sound quite so enticing as no doubt it ought to be. But Miss Carey's is none the less an exceedingly pleasant novel, and likely to be deservedly popular. The virtue is extremely welcome, if only by way of a change; and the small beer of incident is bright and refreshing, as well as wholesome and sound.

"Only a Coral-Girl" beats even "Only the Governess" in her capacity for making the most of her natural advantages. Indeed, most people who know anything about the Neapolitan coral-girl as she is will find it a little hard to realise the heroine of the novel which Gertrude Forde has named after her (3 vols.: Hurst and Blackett). Margherita, with amazing speed, obtains, among innumerable accomplishments and the manners of an English lady, such mastery over the English language as to be able to indulge a taste for Ruskin and Carlyle. She, however, unlike the governess, finds herself in anything but an ideal or chivalrous world. Her husband's weakness of character leads him into unfaithfulness to the wife who was much too good for him, and thence, through a course of reckless gambling, to being detected in trying to cheat at cards. Margherita none the less continues to be his and everybody's guardian angel—not always, by the way, in the most scrupulous manner—until, for absolutely no intelligible motive on the part of the authoress who is answerable for her, she tumbles over a cliff, injures her spine, and dies, her death being followed by the suicide of a fisherman who had loved her when she was only a coral-girl. Everything in the story is excessively improbable, but there is a certain grace about the style which raises it at any rate above the too-familiar average of fiction.

There is an absence of poetical justice about "The Woman He Loved," by A. N. Homer (3 vols.: F. V. White), which would have satisfied the taste of the author's classic namesake. The woman in question is neither a very nice nor a very interesting person, though no doubt quite enough of a lady to match the males whom Mr. Homer, curiously enough, seems to intend for gentlemen. However, she gets all she wants in the end, while a very useless but amiable rival is left to die of the mysterious complication of heart and lung disease peculiar to heroines. Altogether, "the woman he loved" does a good deal of mischief in her time, being even the cause of a murder for which the man who loved her very nearly suffered. So at any rate Mr. Homer has constructed a plot of some sort, though a crude and clumsy one; and has thus, as well as in other ways, given promise of doing better work hereafter. His chief present fault is failure to render his characters either sympathetic or interesting; and that of course is fatal. But there is no apparent reason why he should not succeed with a better choice of subjects for portraiture. Nobody could have made much of those whom he has chosen.

In "Under the Stars and Under the Crescent: a Romance of East and West" (2 vols.: Sampson Low and Co.), Mr. Edwin de Leon has given his readers a series of roughly but vigorously drawn sketches of life and adventure in the Southern States at the close of the Civil War, in Brazil, and in Constantinople, whither we follow some ex-Confederate officers who entered the service of the Porte. Mr. de Leon has an ardent sympathy with their lost cause, and writes in the somewhat slipslop and hysterical style which, for some reason, seems peculiar to the expression of that particular form of sympathy. After all, the patriotism, the chivalry, and the nobility were not all on one side; and a winning side cannot help the perpetration of a great many very ugly things in its name. However, it is always well to be reminded that there was also a side to the relation of slaves and slave-owners very different from that seen from the Abolitionist point of view. When Mr. de Leon carries us to the East he becomes much more interesting, and adds considerably to the general knowledge of modern Oriental life and character.

A pseudonymous attack upon a pseudonymous hospital in the form of fiction obviously calls for no particular attention. Such is "St. Bernard's," by "Æsculapius Scalpel, M.D." (1 vol.: Swan Sonnenschein and Co.), a work apparently inspired by feminine spite in its most unpleasant form. Were it fairly well written or interesting in itself, it might be mischievous; but this is fortunately out of the question. If the author has any unpleasant truths to tell about physicians and surgeons in respect of hospital management, he should state them as facts, and under his real name.



MESSRS. OSBORN AND TUCKWOOD.—There is more than ordinary merit in a new song by the favourite composer M. Piccolomini, "Eternal Rest" (*Requiem Eternam*), the devotional words by A. Horspool; it is published in four keys, and thus adapted for every register of voice. There is a well-arranged *obligato* for the harmonium. This beautiful song is a worthy companion for the established favourite by the above composer, "Ora Pro Nobis."—Simple and pleasing is "Tidings," the words by E. Oxenford, music by Frank Manly.—A useful and taking duet for soprano and contralto is "When We were Young," words by "M. H.," music by Alice Knight.—A drawing-room song of the day is "Come to My Heart," written and composed by H. Knowles Croft and Oscar Verne.—"Sea Rovers" is a good song of a nautical type, words by H. L. D'Arcy Jaxone, music by Arthur Briscoe.—"Merry Melodies," a series of duets for two violins, with pianoforte accompaniments, arranged for schools and classes, from popular compositions by eminent composers, by Arthur Graham, is making good way. No. XII., "Repose," is a graceful *morceau* by Berthold Tours.—Two light and easy pieces for the pianoforte, by E. Boggeth, are "Rozane" (*Intermezzo*) and "Danse du Tambourin." Both are suitable for after-dinner performance, as are also "La Mancha," three *schers* for the pianoforte, by Leonard Gautier: No. I. "Don Quixote," No. II. "Dulcinea," No. III. "Sancho Panza."—Teachers of little folks will find "The Student's Repertoire," a series of easy pieces for the piano, by Carl Malemberg, very useful and popular in the schoolroom. No. I. is a charming "Scherzino."—Very spirited and danceable are New Grand Quadrilles, "The Empire," by J. C. Cooper. The same cannot be said of this composer's "The Little Beauty Polka," which is commonplace and feeble.

MESSRS. MARRIOTT AND WILLIAMS.—"The Light of the World" is a smoothly written sacred song, words and music by Gerald M. Lane, published in three keys.—A series of useful and satisfactory songs for the season consists of: "One Heart," words by "B. M. C.," music by Basil Cobbett; "Dear Memories," written and composed by Ed. Brownlow and W. S. Shannon; "My Love of Long Ago," the touching words by Edward F. Strange, music by Stanley Larkcom; "Love Lives On" and "My Boy and I," written and composed by Barrington Erle, both of an easy and well worn type, which nevertheless pleases many singers and listeners from its familiarity; "Love, I Am Waiting," a pretty serenade for a tenor, poetry by "L. R.," music by Charles Hoby; "To Thee," a romantic serenade, written and composed by S. J. Adair Fitzgerald and L. Barone; and "Shoulder to Shoulder," a martial song, words by F. E. Weatherly, music by E. J. Quance.—Two very good specimens of dance music are "The Dandy Quadrilles," by Austin Arrowitt, and "Little Folks Schottische," by Barbara Child.

## RECENT POETRY AND VERSE

UNUSUALLY good blank verse, and a sympathetic tone, are the distinguishing features of "David Westren," by Alfred Hayes, M.A. (Simpkin, Marshall), a writer of whose work we have before had occasion to speak in terms of high praise. The poem is of the idyllic kind, and pitched in rather a minor key, and there is, perhaps, a slight tendency to overdo the use of simile; but the story is an affecting one, worth reading. It deals with the life-history of a West-country parson, a sincerely good man, who is driven by an accumulated weight of grief and misfortune to doubt—his special stumbling-block being that great mystery, the origin of evil in the world. Westren has been bereaved under painful circumstances of both children and wife, and it is only after a sore struggle that he finds his way back to faith and peace. There are some good passages, notably the old doctor's dying speech to his sons, which may be described as really fine. In the episode of the phantom white bird, which heralded Sybil's death, we seem to trace a faint reminiscence of the Oxenham legend.

"Borrowed Plumes: Translations from German Poets," by James D. B. Gribble (Trübner), is a fairly-executed collection, but of no very striking merit. The versions of Heine cannot, certainly, compare with those by Sir Theodore Martin—the "Lorelei" is poor—and we cannot accept Mr. Gribble's theories of a translator's duties, as set forth in the preface. Of course, he attempts that most untranslatable of ballads, "Der Erlkönig," and he gives some renderings of Schiller and less known authors, some of which are pretty, such as the pieces from Freiligrath and Günther Walling. The "Song of the Bell" is about the best thing in the volume.

There is some pleasant, if not very original, verse in "Penelope, and Other Poems," by the author of "Edward the Confessor" (Trübner). The author has evidently made Spenser's work his study—indeed, from some of the fragmentary pieces, it would almost seem as if he had meditated an allegory in the manner of the "Faerie Queen." But the influence of the Poet Laureate is also distinctly perceptible in such poems as "Penelope," "The Complaint of Menelaus," and "Actæon"—which last named seems, somehow, familiar. We would point out to the author that "launched his mighty heart" is nonsense; did he mean "broached?"

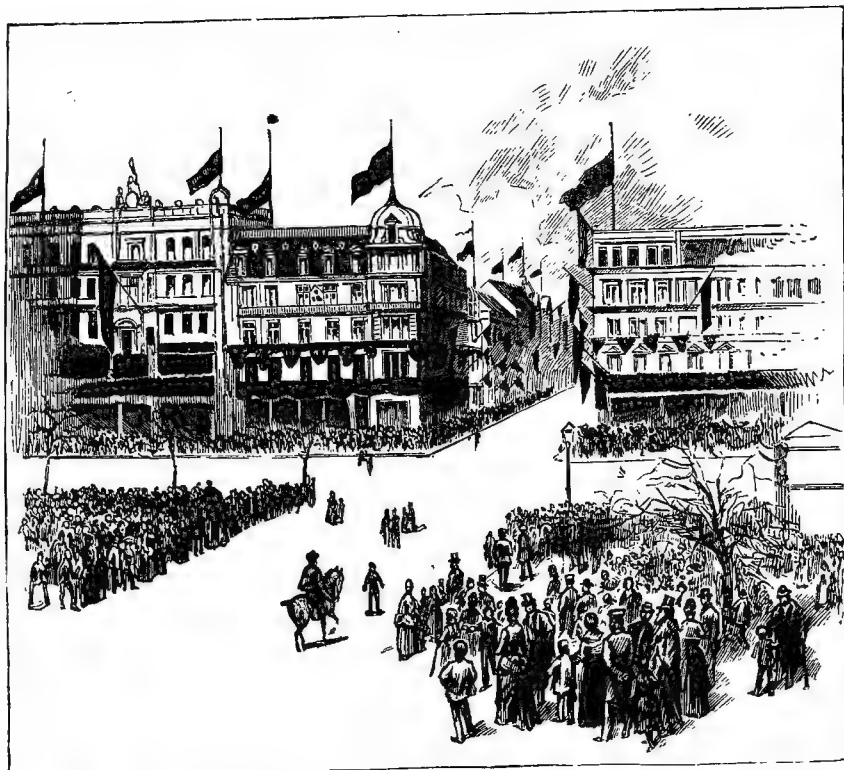
"Pictures in the Fire, and Other Thoughts in Rhyme and Verse," by George Dalziel (153, Fleet Street), contains a series of occasional poems, grave and gay, many of which are clever, whilst all may be read with pleasure; some of them, it is stated, originally appeared in the pages of *Fun*, and the collection was intended primarily for private circulation. We may specially note the pathetic stanzas at page 46, "My Mother's Songs," "Nat Bentley," and, amongst the humorous pieces, "Monkeys at the Zoo" and "Old Grumps." But where did Mr. Dalziel ever meet with scented *gownas*?

There are some slight signs of improvement on former work in "A Leaf from Marc Antony, and Other Poems," by Benjamin George Ambler (Elliot Stock). "The Digger" and "Proof" have some merit; but "saw" does not rhyme to "shore," and it is a pity that the author should have marred his most effective piece "Alcestis," by a few careless lines—e.g., "The lilies that looked askance, and the rose" is inadmissible as blank verse.

"The Wind, and Six Sonnets," by James Ross (Bristol: J. W. Arrowsmith), does not attain to a high standard of merit, if we except the sonnet "On a Discredited Statesman," which has some force. Mr. Ross may be advised that "awe" does not rhyme to "war," that the East, as a region, is not "chill," and that hyænas do not abound in Asia.

A perfectly charming little volume is "Ballads of Books," edited by Andrew Lang (Longmans). In a graceful, short preface, the editor acknowledges his indebtedness to Mr. Brander Matthews, of whose earlier work, published in America, the present is, in some sense, a revised and amended version. Here we have some of the best poems that have been written about books, as well as some composed expressly for the occasion. One may note Crabbe's admirable "The Library," Roscoe's pathetic farewell to his old favourites, Laman Blanchard's "Art of Bookkeeping," and many others, not the least agreeable of which are Mr. Austin Dobson's "My Books" and concluding lines, and the editor's own "Proem" and translations from Martial and Fertiault. But, surely, Scott's "One Volume More" is incomplete!





UNTER DEN LINDEN  
The day after the Emperor's Death



THE PALACE IN WHICH THE NEW EMPEROR LIVED AS CROWN PRINCE  
Now to be occupied by Prince William



THE EXTERIOR OF THE ROYAL MAUSOLEUM, CHARLOTTENBURG, WHERE THE  
EMPEROR WILLIAM IS BURIED

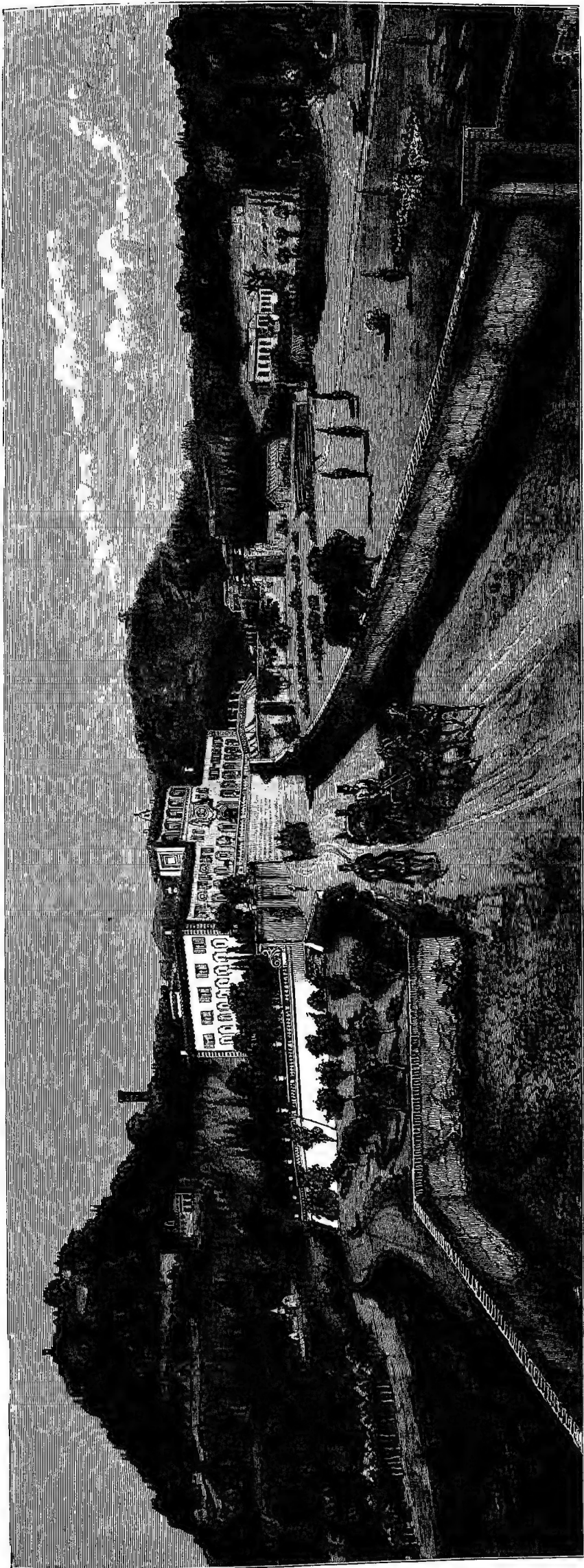


THE CATHEDRAL, BERLIN, WHERE THE BODY OF THE LATE EMPEROR LAY IN STATE

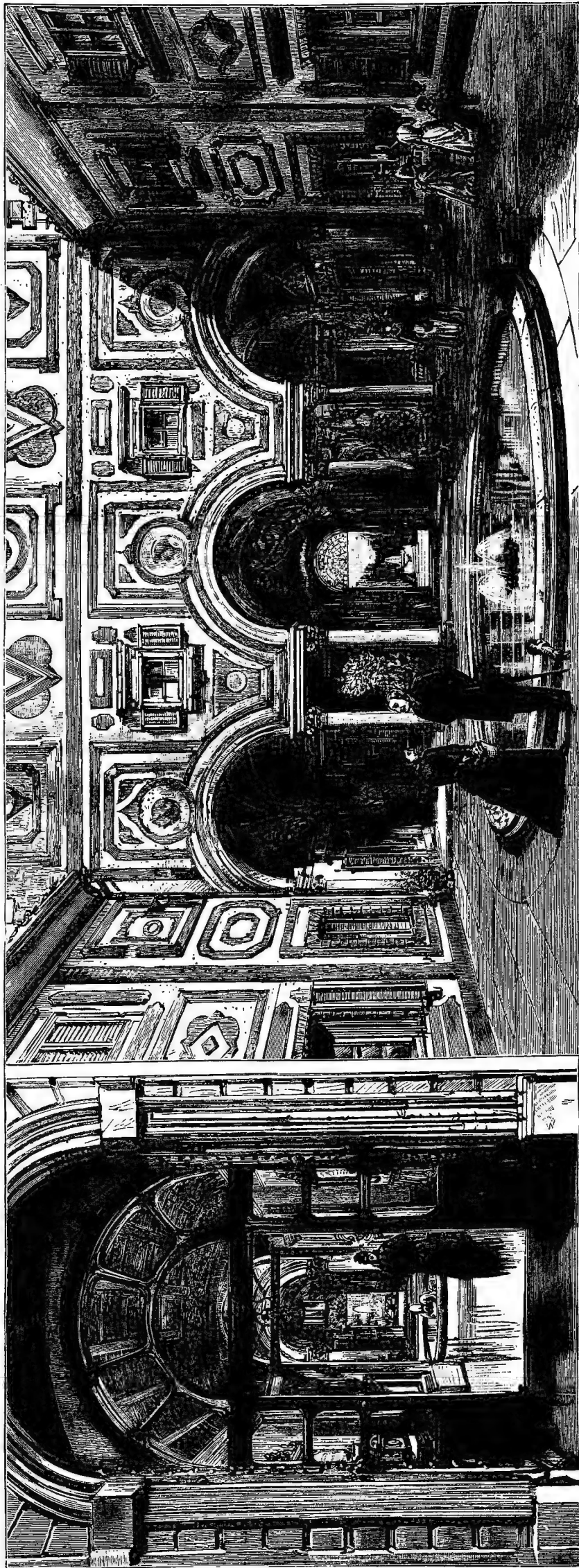


ARRIVAL OF THE EMPEROR FREDERICK AT CHARLOTTENBURG FROM SAN REMO  
THE DEATH OF THE LATE EMPEROR WILLIAM  
FROM SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTISTS IN BERLIN





THE VILLA AND GARDENS FROM THE ROAD



THE ENTRANCE HALL

THE COURTYARD

THE VILLA PALMIERI, FLORENCE

TO BE OCCUPIED BY THE QUEEN DURING HER STAY IN ITALY



## THE BUDGET AND BUDGET NIGHTS

THE French word with which "Budget" claims alliance has little association with national finance; but, by long-standing usage, it has come to signify with us that estimate of receipts and expenditure of the nation which so greatly affects the tax-payer's purse, the fate of Ministers, and the appearance and surroundings of the House of Commons on the night it is given by the Chancellor of the Exchequer. "Special nights" at the "House" leave distinct reflections on the character of the "strangers" present, but the Budget is remarkable for the interest Members generally take in it, as well as the outside public. A crowded House waits patiently for the story of the receipts and payments of a past financial year, and when the chief "points" of the Chancellor's proposal are enunciated, the Members rush out into the lobby to telegraph the proposals to club or constituents, and criticism and comment are given up to the few financial enthusiasts and crotcheteers who remain.

There is another aspect of "Budget Night." It is seen in the telegraphic offices, and in the sub-editorial rooms of the daily newspapers. Few speeches need more care in reporting, in transmission, and in reproduction than the statement which bristles with figures, and revels in millions past, present, and prospective. In the chief office of telegraphy—chief, possibly, of its class in the world—there are the piles of manuscript—"verbatim" mostly, "summarised" occasionally—to be sent to every morning newspaper in the country, and to many outside its bounds, and the ticking, and clicking, and punching of instruments is comparable to the pulse of the nation's finance. And as, by private wire or packets of "flimsy" sent by messenger or by pneumatic tube from the telegraphic office, the transmitted news is brought to sub-editor and leader-writer, the acceptance or otherwise of the Budget is sealed by the rapidly-formed opinion of the heads of the daily press of the country.

The country's Budget has grown and is growing. When in 1827 the national revenue was 46,650,000*l.*—or about one-half that of the present amount—it included taxes we do not dream of now—on candles, cider, cotton, coals, slates, soap, leather, and a hundred articles now freed. In 1833 Lord Althorp swept off duties on tiles, windows, and reduced others, but his Budget was objected to by Mr. Hume as not carrying reductions far enough. In half a century there has been an enlargement of the amount expended, but that increase is attributable to various causes—to a National Debt increased by war, and demanding larger payments for interest; to more costly armaments; and to the payment of vaster sums for education. It must not be forgotten that there is a larger part of the revenue received now, not from taxes, but from payments for services rendered, as in the carriage of letters and the transmission of telegrams, so that the larger expenditure is not wholly of what has been called a "profligate" character. The "estimate" for the last Budget was a little over 88,000,000*l.*; if we put aside the millions we shall be better able to grasp quantities and to appreciate sources. Out of the 88*l.* which may thus represent the national income as estimated, we have first to deduct 8*l.* received from the Post Office for various services rendered to the public. The telegraph yields about 2*l.* more; and there are from Crown lands, interest on investments, and other sources, amounts which may be put at 1*l.* more. But still the fact remains that seven-eighths of the total revenue is derived from taxation—direct, as in the case of House Duty and Income Tax, and indirect through Customs and Excise duties. Out of the 88*l.* there are paid some 26*l.* for interest on the National Debt and for sums set aside to reduce it; the Army, Navy, and the Civil Service take the bulk of the remainder, and thus there are comparatively small sums paid for the working of posts, telegraphs, and packets, the collection of Customs and Inland Revenue, and for "the support of Her Majesty's Household, and of the honour and dignity of the Crown of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland." The collection and distribution of the sums dealt with by the Budget are thus outlined; but it should be added that the proportions change from two causes. The yield of the taxation is increased with the increase of wealth and population, and with the variations that Chancellors recommend. The Income Tax, for instance, was once estimated to yield 1,000,000*l.* for every penny in the pound levied, but the yield is now double; and, on the other hand, the taxes and duties repealed have been many millions yearly, thus varying considerably the proportion that the Customs and Excise contribute to the total. The tendency of modern Budgets is unmistakable—it is to levy duties on few articles: tea, tobacco, wine, and spirits form now the bulk of the receipts of the Customs.

"Before the Budget" has its interest. In years when the Chancellor expects to be blessed with a surplus, he is troubled with deputations each claiming relief, and urging him to "free carriages from duty," to give a "free breakfast-table," or to remove the duty on passengers. In years when no surplus is expected, the deputations do not muster, but there are more eloquent testimonies to the thought—clearances of tea, tobacco, and spirits are heavy, and in endeavouring to benefit themselves, merchants throw large sums into the revenue of the year then current. The receipts are usually heaviest in the last quarter of the financial year, for then payments on account of Income Tax and House Duty come largely in, and the receipts pour into the Exchequer in millions almost weekly. Thus the Budget-maker has in review the ability to pay of every trade, class, and person; he has to gauge the relative virtues of direct and indirect taxation, and to take his pound of flesh in such a manner that the patient feels it the least. More than that, he has to propitiate Parliamentary support and disarm criticism. The Budget demands the master-hand in the Cabinet: it is the time when the fiscal policy is determined, and that determination means more, as the speech of Peel in the Corn Law time tells. By the Budget reputations have been made; by one, which proposed a novel tax, a reputation was marred in one House; and as the names of Chancellors whose Budgets are past and paid fit before the mind, the glory of the office grows with Gladstone and Disraeli, Althorp and Peel, Childers and Northcote. J. W. S.

## HUMOURS OF DEGREE DAY

WHEN Degrees are being conferred and received in the Senate House at Cambridge it is quite possible that the Vice-Chancellor, the Dons, and the entering graduates with their relations imagine themselves the centres of the day's proceedings. Whether this be so or not, the undergraduates in the gallery are of a totally opposite opinion. The theory of men *in statu pupillari* is that those below are of no value except as convenient hones for the sharpening of undergraduate wits. They crowd the galleries in great numbers, especially if any one celebrated in the rowing, or cricketing, or even in the outside world of politics or literature, is to take his degree, and act as uninvited and unofficial masters of the ceremonies. They are especially determined that no one down below shall keep on his hat or cap, and they take care that none of the unwritten rules as enacted by undergraduate tradition shall be transgressed. In the body of the Senate House and under the galleries sit relations and friends, and the central space is filled by the men just about to take their B.A., and Dons present either officially or ornamentally. The period of suspense without which no ceremony can be properly commenced is turned to account by the occupants of the galleries. "Hats off, down there!" is the first cry, and most of the Dons at once obey, the visitors generally uncovering the moment they set foot inside the sacred portals. Some, however, are obstinate, and sternly

resolve to do as they please. "Now, you sir, take off your hat—you with the grey beard." "Come, come, sir, don't be obstinate; you know it has to come off." The recalcitrant Dons begin to fidget under this unpleasant notoriety, and endeavour to talk unconcernedly with their neighbours, who, having wisely taken off their own caps, can hardly restrain their smiles when some particularly biting remark—probably from one of the victim's own pupils—evidently goes home.

Still the three or four Dons will not uncover, but presently a diversion is caused; a tall soldierly man enters, and, seeing several gentlemen with their caps on, does not at once remove his hat. A sudden shout makes him start; "Take off your hat, sir!" He looks up with a smile, bows, and obeys, and is rewarded with a cheer. Then they turn again to the obstinate three or four. "Now you had better do as that gentleman did, and take off your caps." "We don't like Dons to be more ill-mannered before strangers than we can help." This appeal touches most of the graduates; they surreptitiously remove their caps, and as each one does so he is rewarded with a sarcastic, "Thank you, sir; you might as well have done it at once!"

Then some one proposes "Three cheers for the ladies in blue," which are heartily given, and then "Three cheers for the ladies in pink." After groans have been given for unpopular Dons and politicians, some one shouts "Three groans for the man in the green tie," an unhappy man—who is instantly covered with blushes—being observed amongst the visitors so lost to every sense of propriety as to appear in such a garish thing. Just as the poor wretch is ready to die of confusion, it is perceived that an unpopular Don has never removed his cap, and instantly every one sets upon him.

"Hullo, you sir, I thought you had been told to take off your cap!" The worthy man, who fancied he had escaped the tormentors, continues in smiling converse with his neighbours, with an ostentatious but uneasy indifference. It is of no use; the undergrads are determined. "Now, sir, off with it; you know it has got to come off." The Don sets his teeth, and mentally swears that it shall not. "Never mind if you have not brushed your hair, sir!" "We don't object to a bald head, sir!" "You're quite right to be ashamed of the dirty lining, sir, but it must come off!" At each successive taunt the red flush of anger rises higher in the obstinate Don's face; his friends with smiles undisguised edge further away from him, but still he remains obdurate. The yells of "Hats off!" rise into a perfect storm; hoots and cock-crows increase the din; then comes a pause, and in the sudden silence a weary voice ejaculates in a languid drawl, "Oh, let him alone; he's only a Johnian!" This is more than flesh and blood can stand; the flush of anger surges up to the roots of his hair; he snatches off his cap, and retires behind the thickest of the throng amid the broad smiles of his brother Dons, who have been watching the duel with amused interest. "I told you it would have to come off, sir; better have done it at once!" is fired as a parting shot, and then the serious business of the day commences.

The Vice-Chancellor is enthroned, and, after some preliminaries, the Don who acts as Father of his College stretches out the fingers and thumb of his left hand; an entering graduate seizes each finger; the Don advances, dragging his little group of five after him to the steps of the Vice-Chancellor's throne, and, raising his cap, mumbles a few words; the Vice-Chancellor raises his cap, and the Don retires for five more men, until his batch is exhausted. When all the men have thus been introduced to the Vice-Chancellor they go up again one by one, not in order of Colleges, but in their places in the Tripos, and, kneeling before the Vice-Chancellor, put up their hands in an attitude of supplication. The Vice-Chancellor clasps their hands with his two palms, and murmurs the mystic formula; the newly-made graduate rises, and retires a B.A.—a well-known cricketer or oar getting heartily cheered.

When the mathematical men are up, the last man, or Wooden Spoon, usually has a barn shovel, or some sort of wooden spoon, let down from the gallery as a trophy. If the Proctors of the year are men of common sense they refuse to see it, but sometimes a fussy, ill-conditioned Proctor, who as a Don is but an exaggeration of the Smug he was when an undergraduate, watches, as the last man comes up, for the wooden spoon which will be swung over the Vice-Chancellor's head on the string that stretches across from gallery to gallery. When the last of the "Apostles" kneels before the Vice-Chancellor the barn shovel is swung out from the gallery, and pulled across to the middle of the Senate House. The Proctor makes an undignified bounce upwards, but the spoon is snatched out of his reach, and a triumphant shout of "Yah!" "Sold!" drowns the gentle murmuring of the Vice-Chancellor. As the B.A. rises the spoon is again lowered; the Proctor makes another elephantine swoop, but with a quiet smile the Wooden Spoon secures his namesake almost under the nose of the apparently unconscious Vice-Chancellor, and detaching it from the cord makes off with his prize. The gallery, after cheering him and hooting the Proctor whose disappointed rage is ill-concealed, troop down the narrow stairs singing popular songs, and file out into the open space between Caius and Big St. Mary's to watch the visitors coming out of the Senate House, or to gradually disperse with the proud consciousness of having scored off some of the Dons, and of having afforded and enjoyed some capital sport not put down in the official programme. J. W. P.

## WAKEFIELD

THE town of Wakefield, which gives its name to the latest English Diocese, abounds in historical associations, which the assertive footprints of industrial progress have not been able to obliterate, as in some other West Riding towns.

The Calder, once a fair limpid stream, is now an open sewer, into which a score of manufacturing towns and overgrown villages empty their refuse, which stagnates under the bridge at Wakefield. But it is the bridge which Leland commemorated, and on it still stands "the right goodly Chapel of Our Ladye," where, for generations, two cantuarie priests said masses for the repose of the soul of young Rutland, brother to Edward IV., who was here murdered by Lord Clifford, in one of the bloodiest of the bloody battles of the Roses.

Even in Leland's day Wakefield "stood all by clothing," and was "a very quick town, and neatly large." And so it remained, proud of its connection with Norman Earls, and Plantagenet Kings, and its adherence to the unhappy Stuart King in his conflict with the Commonwealth; till the wheels of the modern industrial Juggernaut began to move over the broad surface of West Yorkshire.

The Wakefield squires, disgusted with the clang and clash of machinery, the smoke and pollution of factories, the rough Communistic shouldering and elbowing which paid no respect to high lineage, refused to sell their acres to the grandfathers of the present woollen kings, and the car of progress swerved north and west of the good old town, and Leeds, Bradford, Halifax, Huddersfield, reaped the harvest of gold which ripened under murky, smoke-hidden skies.

But the old cloth fullers who had carried on their occupation leisurely, without the aid of steam-machinery, were soon jostled out of the markets, and "Merry Wakefield" was compelled to accept the inevitable, too late, however, to enable her to take high rank among the manufacturing towns of the West Riding. And so the new Diocese, unlike some of its young sisters, has its temple amid sur-

roundings which still retain some of the dreamy calm we have long been accustomed to associate with a Cathedral city.

The aristocratic obstinacy of landowners, in the days when periwigs had not quite gone out of fashion, prevented Wakefield becoming the premier West Riding town in point of wealth and industrial importance, but traces of "the antiquary times" have been spared, and it still requires no excess of make-believe to picture mail-clad warriors passing through its sleepy streets to decide near Sandal Castle the temporary supremacy of the Red Rose over the White. Although Wakefield missed its great opportunity, it has long been, for all other than assize purposes, the county town of the West Riding. Its importance probably arose from two causes, its antiquity, and its geographical situation. The Norman Manor of Wakefield was one of the largest and richest ever parcelled out from the possessions of Saxon thane. There is reason to believe that prior to the Norman Conquest the equitable laws codified rather than created by Alfred the Great had here been administered for the surrounding district. The proverbial characteristic of Yorkshiremen, their shrewdness and keen appreciation of *meum* and *tuum*, are more attributable to a survival of the conscientious wisdom of the later Saxons, which still constitutes what we call the "common law," than many people imagine. Yorkshire was sufficiently far removed from the harryings of the Scottish border, and from all frontiers which the Normans were compelled to defend, to maintain its distinctive Saxon character. When the Norman Manor of Wakefield was created, although it stretched across thirty miles of country, Wakefield was its natural headquarters. And as feudalism decayed, the manorial courts—the courts baron and the courts leet—continued to supply the means of government. It may be remarked, parenthetically, that the Rolls Office at Wakefield affords a feast of fat things for the antiquary, and the curious lover of old-world customs may here find an almost inexhaustible quarry out of which to hammer quaint specimens.

By natural evolution, as Quarter Sessions were held at Wakefield, the town became the site of the Riding gaol and asylum. Yorkshire and Middlesex are the only two counties in England where the beneficial plan of registering all transactions relating to the sale, purchase, or mortgage of land is carried out, and at Wakefield the Riding register is kept. This fact, and the erection of a District Probate Registry at Wakefield, has given the town an important position from a legal point of view. It wanted nothing but the Court of *Oyer and Terminer*, or, in the vernacular, "t'sizes," and the conferring of diocesan rank to lift Wakefield to the pinnacle of provincial importance. But when, about twenty-four years ago, it was considered prudent to divide the Assize business of the county from its concentration in the City of York, though Wakefield fought hard for the honour of receiving the visits of Her Majesty's Judges and hanging unlearned Yorkshiremen, Leeds was selected, and the highest temporal dignity passed from her reach. The compensation, however, has at last arrived in the conferment of the highest spiritual dignity in the gift of the Crown. By way of reward for the loss of the periodical visits of judges to try felons and decide causes, Wakefield has two or three times been honoured with the notice and attendance of election judges, at a period before the passing of the Corrupt Practices Act when more catholic notions of the privileges of free and independent electors existed than at present. Party spirit always ran high in Wakefield, the "Blues and Yallors"—Conservatives and Liberals—being pretty equally matched in numbers. The writer, when a boy, has scudded through the streets to evade the brickbats and worse missiles which were invariably the essential concomitants of the nomination from the hustings; or fled to avoid the charge of "the military," who had been called in to quell the partisan passions of the electors and non-electors. "Other days, other manners." The good old town now sedulously returns a Conservative baronet, a type of these modern times, in which, though "rank is but the guinea stamp," it is usually impressed only on sterling metal. Sir Edward Green is a large employer of labour, and the son of a self-made man.

The "Vicar of Wakefield" will be famous as long as English literature endures. Pity for the sake of ecclesiastical Wakefield that there is no warrant for the ingenious theories which have lately been set up, that Goldsmith drew his dear old Dr. Primrose from any district parson, or indeed knew anything about Wakefield when he wrote his story. There have been vicars in Wakefield for at least five hundred years. The "parsons" who preceded the vicars were wealthy men, but the appropriation of the benefice to St. Stephen's College at Westminster made this rich rectory a comparatively poor incumbency. The church is a noble structure worthy of cathedral honours. For more than a quarter of a century, intelligent restorations have been carried out which have replaced the patchwork of previous barbarous alterations without injuring the evident idea of the first architect, which is more than can be said of many restorations. The present edifice really dates from 1469, the previous church, built in 1329, being then demolished, with the exception of the tower and spire. A church existed undoubtedly prior to 1329, but there is no satisfactory record or trace of it. The tower and spire, which shoot up to the great height of 247 feet, may be seen miles away. A peal of ten bells hangs in the tower. Six times in the twenty-four hours the sweet carillon is heard. The organ is certainly one of the finest among the parish churches of the country; the great east window and the choir screen are noble works. The church of All Saints is worthy of its destiny. T. H. N.

A "THÉÂTRE POMPADOUR" is to be opened at Versailles next week. It will be chiefly devoted to reproducing the best comedies of the last few centuries.

A FRENCH *Saturday Review* has just come out in Paris. Save in name the *Samedi Revue* does not greatly resemble its British namesake, though planned on the same model.

THE NATIVE RACES IN NEW ZEALAND are steadily decreasing. According to the recent census, the colony now contains 620,451 inhabitants, of whom only 41,969 are genuine natives and half-castes. How sparsely the country is populated in comparison with its extent may be seen from the estimate that there are only 5,561 persons to the square mile. Of the 197 towns in New Zealand many have less than 100 inhabitants.

THE CHARLESTON EARTHQUAKES of August, 1886, produced some curious phenomena in the surrounding country. Deep pits appeared in the land between Charleston and Sumnerville, the margins being covered with white sea sand, rarely seen, except near the seashore. Now a dense growth of seaweed has sprung up from this sand, and it is conjectured that the earthquake shocks brought to the surface the seeds of these seaweeds, which must have lain buried deep for many centuries.

CHINESE GRATITUDE is sometimes rather quaintly expressed judging from a letter recently sent by a native Christian community to a Connecticut Church which had given them a bell. The letter, written on red paper, was addressed to "The Church in the Great and Beautiful Kingdom for you all to open," and contained the greetings of the "descendants of Shem" to the "descendants of Japhet," for the "unspeakable favour" of their present. "A gift from heaven, received on earth," continues the epistle, "it is the myriad good fortune of China: 'When the brazen mountain burst asunder the brazen bell began to ring.' This insignificantly small scrap of paper cannot adequately express the reverence felt by us inch-long bits of grass. We—each the tail end of the Church—members of the Church, all herewith bow and present our thanks."



STUDIES OF LIFE IN IRELAND, V.

"AN IRISH PLOUGH."—This illustration, sketched by our artist in the South of Ireland, represents an Irish plough, which, to judge by its battered and neglected condition, has been long disused, and is now overgrown with brambles. The sketch may be regarded as portraying the typical condition of agriculture in the disturbed districts.

"RESIDENT MAGISTRATES."—The duties of a country magistrate in Ireland must be very difficult. In the first place the witnesses are often stubborn and obstinate, and refuse to give any direct answers; and, in the second place, no two witnesses ever agree, but each one's version of the same incident is different.

Before the two magistrates whose portraits we have here, we once saw an old peasant-woman brought as a witness. She first of all for some time refused to kiss the book, wanting to know why she should, and asking whether, if she put it on the top of her head, it would not answer the same purpose. She was at last persuaded to do as she was told, and her examination then commenced.

"Do you remember the night of the 14th March?" says the counsel.

"And why shouldn't I?" replies the witness.

Counsel.—"And now tell me what you saw outside your house about half-past nine on that night."

Witness.—"Sure and how could I see when it was dark?"

Some brilliant repartee, referring to the personal character of the counsel, then took place between them, and after the witness had threatened with her fist both the counsel and the head-constable, she was told to stand down.

After this, one of the magistrates asked the prisoner whether



the old lady was not a little light-headed? "No more than you are yourself, your Honour," was the prompt reply, given with seeming innocence.

"PRIESTS."—As will be seen from the accompanying sketches, the words of the song,

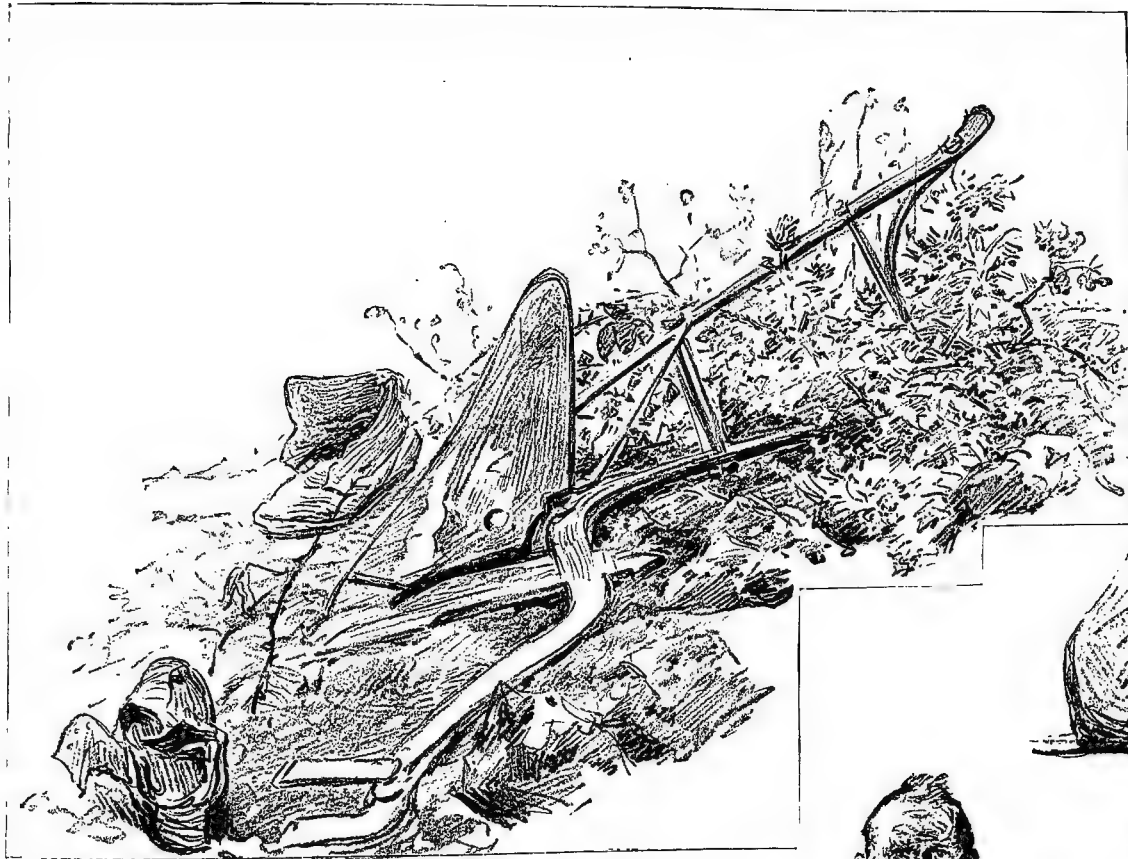
Of priests we can offer a charming variety,  
Far renowned for larnin' and piety,

are very true. On a tour through Ireland one meets with every imaginable type of priest, and they all, without exception, seem to possess the good qualities of hospitality and courtesy. They are idolised by the people over whom they preside, and consequently have a tremendous amount of influence with them.

"A FENIAN."—We have met, shaken hands with, and drank with a Fenian. He states that next year we shall see him at the head of 42,000 men. He informs us, in language more forcible than polite, that he is the blankety-blankest Fenian that was ever seen; his mother was a ——— Fenian, and his child, now four years old, is going to be a ——— Fenian.

He is delighted to see us, he shakes hands with us every three minutes, he invites us to drink with him, we are obliged to refuse; upon which he informs us that he can skin any ——— man or thing that walks, crawls, or creeps. Finally, after promising to enlist in his army of 42,000 men, we are allowed to go.

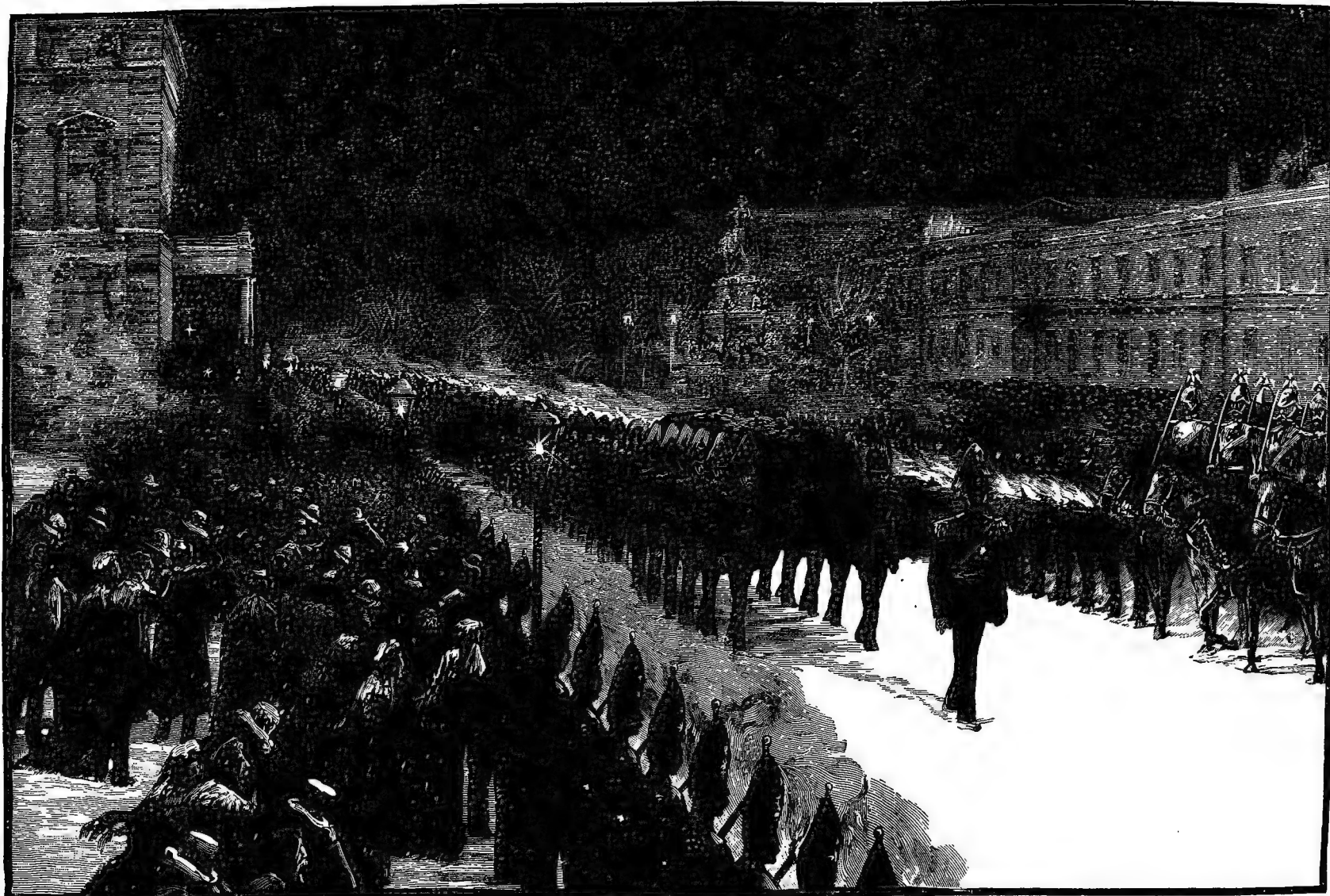
TEA-GROWING is to be tried in Russia. Six employees of a St. Petersburg tea firm have been sent to China to study the cultivation of the plant, and on their return gardens are to be established in the Trans-Caucasian District.



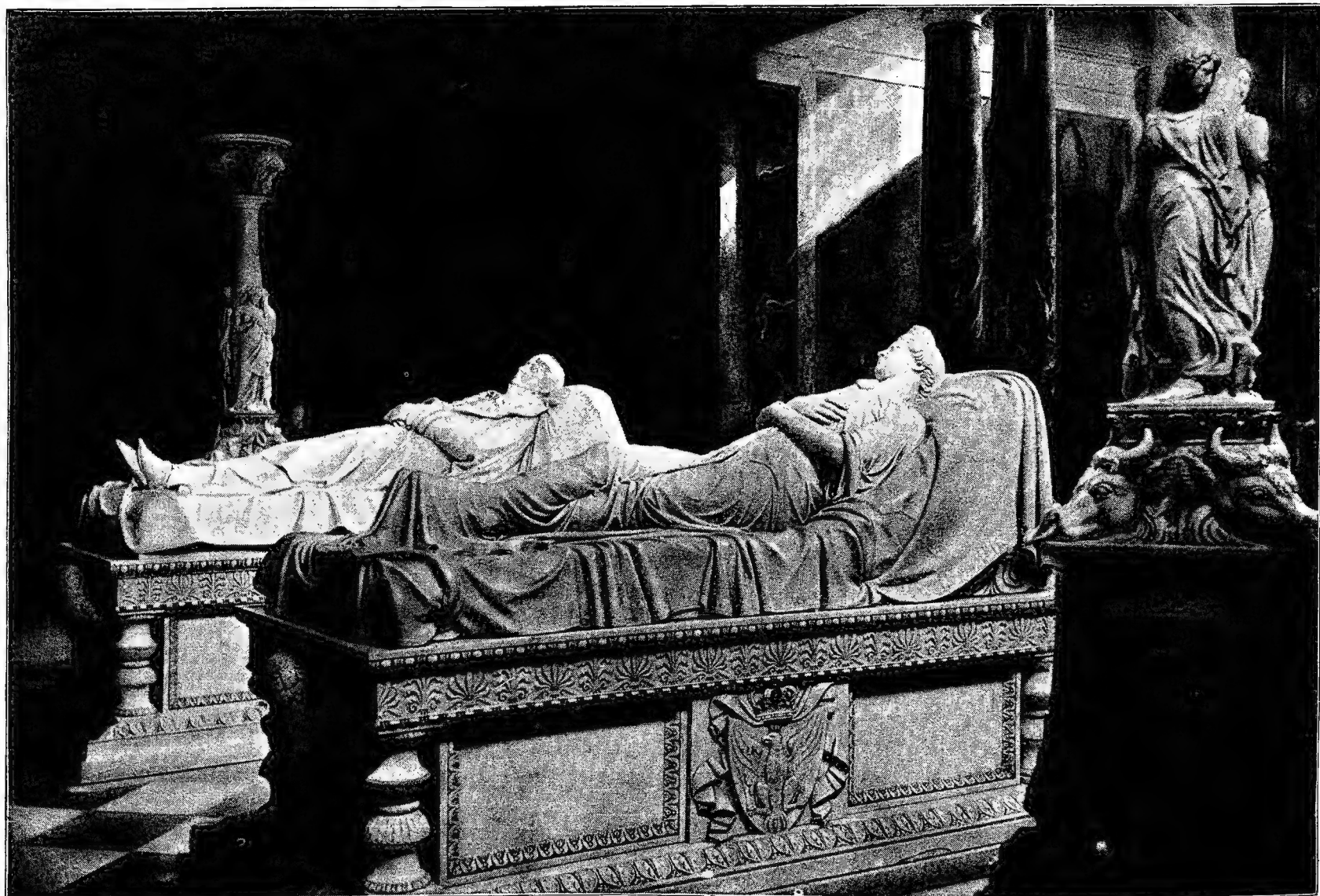
RESIDENT MAGISTRATES







THE REMOVAL OF THE LATE EMPEROR'S BODY FROM THE PALACE TO THE CATHEDRAL



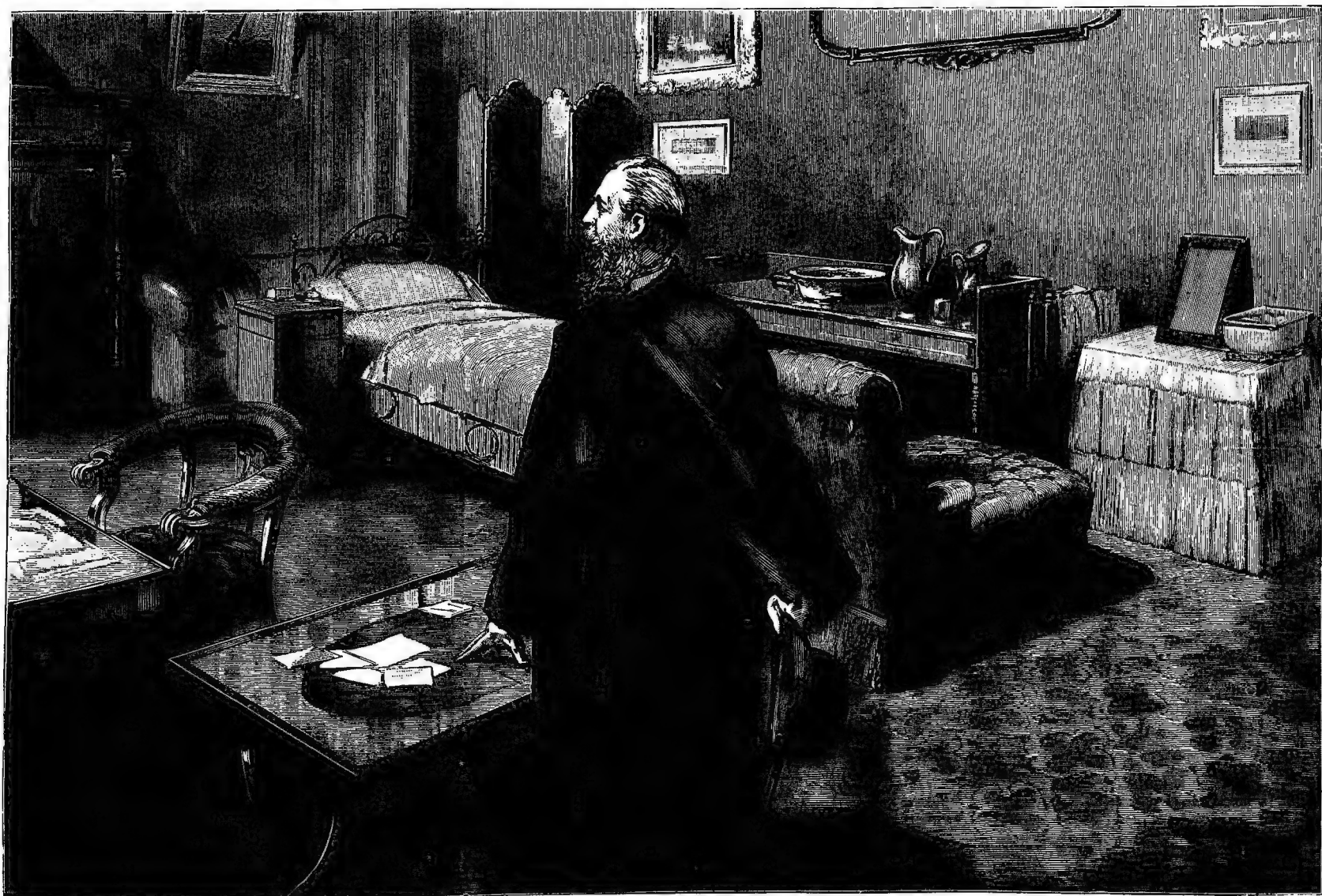
THE MAUSOLEUM, CHARLOTTENBURG  
Showing the Tombs of the late Emperor's Father and Mother

THE DEATH OF THE LATE EMPEROR WILLIAM  
FROM SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTISTS IN BERLIN





OUTSIDE THE ROYAL PALACE ON THE DAY OF THE EMPEROR'S DEATH  
THE DEATH OF THE LATE EMPEROR WILLIAM  
FROM A SKETCH BY ONE OF OUR SPECIAL ARTISTS IN BERLIN



THE EMPEROR'S LAST LOOK AT HIS OLD QUARTERS  
This room, every detail of which is correct and of historical interest, has been the sick room of the Emperor Frederick for the last four months in the Villa Zirio, San Remo  
THE DEPARTURE OF THE EMPEROR FREDERICK FROM SAN REMO  
FROM A SKETCH BY "MARS," OUR SPECIAL ARTIST



## A PAGE OF PORTRAITS

## DR. ALEXANDER CAMPBELL MACKENZIE.

WAS, on February 22nd, elected Principal of the Royal Academy of Music in succession to the late Sir G. A. Macfarren. The contest between Dr. Mackenzie and Mr. Joseph Barnby, preceptor of Eton College, was an exceedingly close one, but in the result the Scottish musician came off victor. Dr. Mackenzie was born at Edinburgh in 1847, and was at first taught by his father. As a boy of eleven, he went to Schwarzburg-Sonderhausen, where, in order to assist in his maintenance, he played the violin at the local theatre. He returned to England, and studied under M. Sainanton at the Royal Academy of Music. In 1865, he set up in Edinburgh as a teacher, but he went on the Continent in 1879, and has since only occasionally resided in this country. Dr. Mackenzie received the honorary degree of Mus. Doc., Edinburgh, 1886. He has been a prolific composer, and has written two operas, (*Colomba* and *The Troubadour*), an oratorio, (*The Rose of Sharon*), three cantatas (*The Bride, Jason, and The Story of Sayid*), a violin concerto, a pianoforte quartet, a Jubilee Ode, three anthems, and a large number of Scottish and other songs, part-songs, and instrumental pieces. Of the various important branches of the composer's art, the symphony alone he has not touched. He is conductor of Novello's Choir, and is now engaged upon an Ode (to Mr. Robert Buchanan's words) for the opening of the Glasgow Exhibition, and an Oratorio for the Leeds Festival. Dr. Mackenzie comes of a musical family. His great-grandfather was a member of the band of the Forfarshire Militia in the "Pretender's" days. His grandfather, John Mackenzie, was a violinist and teacher, and he left the Theatre Royal, Aberdeen, to direct the band of Ducrow, at Edinburgh, in 1831. His father Alexander Mackenzie, who died in 1857, was a pupil of Sainanton. For many years he led the band at the Theatre Royal, Edinburgh, and in his day he was considered one of the best authorities on Scottish national melodies. The history of the Mackenzie family, indeed, discloses a series of very remarkable examples of the heredity of musical talent. Our portrait is from a photograph by Mr. A. J. Littleton, of the firm of Messrs. Novello, Ewer, and Co., 69, Dean Street, Soho.

## THE HON. W. H. W. FITZWILLIAM, M.P.

IN consequence of the vacancy caused by the death of Mr. Shirley (Gladstonian), a contest for the representation of Doncaster recently took place between Mr. Balfour (Gladstonian) and Mr. Fitzwilliam (Liberal Unionist), in which the latter won the seat by a majority of 211. The Hon. William Henry Wentworth Fitzwilliam, of the Lodge, Malton, Yorkshire, is the eldest surviving son of Earl Fitzwilliam, by his marriage with Lady Frances Harriet Douglas, eldest daughter of the nineteenth Lord Morton. He was born in 1840, and was educated at Eton and Trinity College, Cambridge. He has previously sat in the House of Commons for County Wicklow and the Southern Division of the West Riding of Yorkshire. In 1877 he married Lady Mary Butler, eldest daughter of the late, and sister of the present, Lord Ormonde.—Our portrait is from a photograph by Warner Gothard, Eldon Street, Barnsley.

## MR. W. W. CORCORAN

THOMAS CORCORAN, a native of Limerick, Ireland, emigrated to America in 1783, and his son, William Wilson, the subject of this notice, who died on February 25th, was born at Georgetown, District of Columbia, in 1798. After being educated at private schools and Georgetown College, he began business as a banker and broker in 1837, afterwards taking Mr. G. W. Riggs into partnership. One of his first acts, as soon as he became prosperous, was to pay off a liability of 46,000 dollars which he had contracted many years before. As his firm gradually extended its operations, it took on its own account nearly all the Government loans. During the Mexican War, however, Mr. Corcoran found himself in a perilous position with 12,000,000 dollars of the Six per Cent. Loan on his hands in a falling market. He proceeded at once to London, got the bankers here to take up the loan, which ultimately proved a great financial success, and yielded a large profit. Mr. Corcoran retired from business in 1854, very wealthy. Thenceforward he devoted himself to works of benevolence, and it is reckoned that he spent 5,000,000 dollars in charity. Among his benefactions may be cited the beautiful Cemetery of Oak Hill, near Georgetown; the Louise Home, for impoverished gentlewomen; the Corcoran Gallery of Art, a magnificent building with a splendid endowment; and countless gifts to colleges, churches, and seminaries. Mr. Corcoran's house in Washington formed a hospitable centre of attraction for scholars, artists, statesmen, diplomatists, and distinguished Europeans.—Our portrait is from a photograph by Rice, Washington, U.S.A.

## MR. EDWARD BRODIE HOARE,

WHO was elected M.P. for Hampstead, without opposition, in the Conservative interest, when Sir Henry Holland was raised to the Peerage, belongs to a family which for a century past has been connected with Hampstead by the ties of property and residence. His father was the Rev. Edward Hoare, an Honorary Canon of Canterbury Cathedral; his mother was a daughter of the famous surgeon, Sir Benjamin Brodie. He was born in 1841, and was educated at Tunbridge School and Trinity College, Cambridge. He was formerly a partner in the banking firm of Barnetts, Hoare, and Co., and is now a director of Lloyds', Barnett's, and Bosanquet's Banking Company. He is treasurer of several local charities and institutions in Hampstead. In 1868, Mr. Hoare married Catharine, daughter of Sir W. E. Parry, the Arctic voyager.—Our portrait is from a photograph by Elliott and Fry, 55, Baker Street, W.

## MR. JAMES COTTER MORISON,

WHO died, at Hampstead, on February 26th, at the age of fifty-seven, was the son of Dr. Morison, who founded the British College of Health in the New (now the Euston) Road. He was educated at Highgate School and Lincoln College, Oxford, where, although he sought no honours, he studied profitably under Mark Pattison. He had previously spent some years in France, and during that period he acquired an intimate knowledge of the French language. After he left the University he devoted himself to literature, but his productions were somewhat meagre and fragmentary in proportion to his exceptional intellectual powers. This may partly be accounted for by the fact that his health was indifferent, that he possessed ample means, and that he was very fastidious. His chief works were "The Life and Times of St. Bernard" and "The Service of Man." The great work on French institutions which he was planning was never written. Mr. Morison was an admirable talker, although no preacher of monologues, indeed, on the contrary, he possessed the charming art of drawing out the conversational powers of others; he was a good classical scholar, and his intellectual gifts were associated with a genial and kindly nature, and a heart full of affection and tenderness. He was an ardent disciple of the Positivist faith.—Our portrait is from a photograph by Barraud, 263, Oxford Street, W.

## MR. JOHN CLAYTON

WE gave a full notice of this favourite actor in our dramatic column at the time of his death. It will suffice, therefore, here to recapitulate a few facts. His full name was John Alfred Clayton Calthrop, and he was born at Gosberton, Lincolnshire, in 1845. He first appeared on the London boards at the St. James's Theatre, in 1866, as Hastings in *She Stoops to Conquer*. He first attracted

marked attention by his remarkable impersonation of Joseph Surface during the long run of *The School for Scandal* at the Vaudeville. After this he played for some time in the Irving company at the Lyceum. Again, he made a considerable impression by his acting in the gloomy but powerful play *All for Her*, at the Mirror Theatre. For some time after this he adhered to the romantic drama, but suddenly discovering that modern playgoers prefer laughter to pathos, he produced a series of farcical comedies, playing the portly middle-aged heroes of such pieces, for example, as *The Magistrate*, *The Schoolmistress*, and *Dandy Dick*, and therein achieving a wonderful success. It was while Mr. Clayton was at the Alexandra Theatre, Liverpool, with his *Dandy Dick* Company, that he succumbed to the sudden illness which caused his death on February 27th.—Our portrait is from a photograph by the London Stereoscopic Company, 110, Regent Street, W.

## MR. JAMES CLARKE,

WHO died on February 22nd, after a lingering and painful illness, at his residence, Beech-Hanger, Caterham, Surrey, was the proprietor of the *Christian World* newspaper, of which he had been Editor from its first publication in 1857. He was the son of a Baptist minister, and was born in 1824, at the village of Great Oakley, Essex, whence, after spending some years in Ipswich, he came to London in 1847. Both there and in Newcastle he was for many years employed in reporting, and other journalistic work. In later days he became well known in religious and philanthropic circles, especially among Nonconformists. His practical kindness and his respect for all earnest convictions won for him many friends. He leaves a widow—to whom he had been married for forty years—and six children.—Our portrait is from a photograph by Lombardi and Co., 13 and 14, Pall Mall East, W.

## SIR ASTLEY COOPER KEY,

WHO died suddenly on March 3rd, at his residence, Laggan House, Maidenhead, was the son of the late Mr. Charles Aston Key, Surgeon in Ordinary to H.R.H. the late Prince Consort, and was born in 1821. He entered the Navy in 1835, after a distinguished career at the Royal Naval College, Portsmouth. During the succeeding three-and-twenty years he saw a great deal of service afloat. He was junior lieutenant of the *Gorgon* when she was stranded off Monte Video, and materially assisted her commander, Captain Hotham, in rescuing her. In 1845 he was wounded in the action of the *Obligado* while in command of the *Fanny*. He served through the Baltic Campaign of the Russian War, he commanded a squadron of gunboats at Calcutta during the Indian Mutiny, and in 1858, at the capture of Canton, he secured Commissioner Yeh with his own hand. Thenceforward his appointments were chiefly ashore, and were of a highly responsible character, as he had shown a power of applying science to the wants of the Navy, which was especially valuable at a time when our war-vessels, both as regards construction and armament, were being entirely revolutionised by modern discoveries. In 1882 he was made a G.C.B., and in 1886 he was placed on the retired list of Admirals. In 1856 he married Charlotte Lavinia, youngest daughter of Mr. E. A. McNeill, of Cushendun, County Antrim. By this lady (who died in 1874) he had two sons, one of whom served in the late Nile Expedition. He married, secondly, Evelyn, daughter of Signor Vincenzo Bartolucci and Clementina Dundas, of Carron Hall, Stirlingshire.—Our portrait is from a photograph by the London Stereoscopic Company, 110, Regent Street, W.

## THE DUKE OF RUTLAND

CHARLES CECIL JOHN MANNERS, K.G., sixth Duke of Rutland, Marquis of Granby, Earl of Rutland, and Baron Manners, was the eldest son of the fifth Duke, by Lady Elizabeth Howard, fifth daughter of the Earl of Carlisle. He was born May 16th, 1815, and was educated at Eton and Trinity College, Cambridge. At Belvoir Castle he was early thrown into the society of the leading Conservative statesmen of the day, and he imbibed strong Protectionist ideas, which he steadfastly retained all his life. As Marquis of Granby he sat in the House of Commons for Stamford from 1837 to 1852, and for North Leicestershire from 1852 to 1857, when, in consequence of his father's death, he succeeded to the title, and went to the House of Lords. He was a strenuous opponent of the repeal of the Corn Laws, of the equalisation of the sugar duties, of the repeal of the Navigation Laws, and the abolition of the paper duties. There are probably many more people now who agree with his doctrines than was the case thirty years ago, when Cobdenism was accepted as gospel by the leaders of both political parties. His last speech in the House of Lords was in favour of Cottage Allotments, when he deprecated the tendency of modern legislation to make everything compulsory, and leave nothing to be done by agreement. While neither eloquent, nor possessed of original capacity in statesmanship, he was respected by men of all parties for the frankness and courage with which he expressed his political opinions. In private life, among his tenants and neighbours, he was much esteemed. He died at his seat, Belvoir Castle, after an illness of some weeks' duration, on March 4th. He is succeeded in the title and estates by his brother, Lord John Manners, Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster, whose career as a Conservative statesman is well known, and whose son and heir, Mr. Henry Manners, now become by courtesy the Marquis of Granby, is Lord Salisbury's principal private secretary.—Our portrait is from a photograph by Broadhurst, Halford Street and Welford Street, Leicester.

## AN AUSTRALIAN COUNTRY TOWN

BUSH life in Australia has been written about to a large extent. Let me here try and describe a country town.

Mavorna is a typical example of its class, although, in many respects, it is a favourable sample. It is so, for instance, in regard to its natural situation and its climate. Mavorna stands on the high table-land of New South Wales known as New England, and is distant from Sydney, to the north-west, some 300 miles. It lies in a wide and open valley, and the hills that "wait upon" it on almost every side lend the town its chief beauty. To the north Ben Lomond lifts a bold and handsome front in the transparent air, and looks almost as golden and beautiful when the sunset's afterglow is dying on its broad brow as does its prototype that guards the romantic Scottish lake. Lovely glimpses of mountain scenery are to be met with by the eyes that are on the outlook in nearly every direction around Mavorna, and the town only lacks one requisite of being beautiful in all respects, and that is—water. There is a little willow-fringed creek just outside the town, but, save when winter rains of exceptional heaviness cause it to run a "banker" for a few days, there is rarely much water in it.

The climate of Mavorna is not unlike that of the Riviera. For six months in the year fires are always required at morning and night, and for four months, at least, throughout the day. The nights and mornings are really cold, with midnight skies of keen and crystalline frostiness. But, however sharp and eager the morning may be, at ten o'clock of a midwinter day a brilliant sunshine floods the land, and the morning topcoat has to be cast aside, not to be resumed till sunset. There are rainy intervals, protracted ones sometimes, in the New England climate, but these are not frequent enough to depreciate its climatic reputation throughout the colony. In summer, for the space of three or four months, the heat is unmistakable—vivid, burning, all-pervading; dry, however, and

regarded as bracing by those dwelling in the damp clammy heats of Sydney, Brisbane, and the plains. The lofty altitude of Mavorna, moreover, leaves the nights, even at midsummer, generally cool, while in respect of beauty they are a poet's dream.

I am calling Mavorna a town, but it calls itself a city—the "Cathedral City of the North." For if a place that has no less than two Cathedrals may not so style itself, what may? And two Cathedrals to a population of three thousand is a good and pious proportion. The Roman Catholics have not only their neat little Cathedral, but also a handsome Convent, with schools, chapel, gardens, offices, and the rest, attached. In addition to the two Bishoprics established in Mavorna, the Presbyterians and the Wesleyans have each an appropriate habitation, and the Salvation Army has also pitched its tents there. This state of matters argues a considerable amount of ecclesiastical energy, if not unity.

The business part of Mavorna centralises itself in one main street, a broad street, but not otherwise conspicuous for beauty. The pavement is not a pavement, save in an intermittent way, where some more enterprising tradesman has laid down the space immediately in front of his shop with bricks. But even stone pavements will come to the town that can wait, and in due time Mavorna will, doubtless, macadamise and pave itself. There are some good stores and shops, two or three of the former that really astonish a stranger by reason of their size, and the complete and multifarious character of their stock. An Australian storekeeper must be prepared to furnish everything, from Christmas cards to toilet soap.

Mavorna is a well-planned town, rectangular, and four-square in every direction, laid down manifestly with a far view to posterity, and, like the City of Washington, with a good deal of "magnificent distance" about it. It possesses a neat little park, where in spring and summer the flowering shrubs make a gay and cheerful show, and where, on starlit nights, rustic lovers find a congenial rendezvous among the shadows on the somewhat meagre and ragged sward. Australia cannot grow the velvet-soft, velvet-smooth turf of the parent-land. Grass, the Australian grass, is often brilliantly green after copious spring rains, but it has seldom if ever the close, fine, and silken texture of English sward.

Walk with me up from the main street of the town, at right angles until we reach the higher slopes. There are the houses of the aristocracy of the place, the Bishops and doctors, the lawyers, and the better-class storekeepers. Nearly every house is built on the cottage-plan, single-floored, and broad-verandahed, the windows giving upon the verandah and the garden. Every house has a garden of more or less dimensions, and every garden has wealth of flowers.

The house that we are pausing before now is a typical Australian country-town house, and a glance at the "daily round" of its inmates may suggest what provincial life in our Australian colonies is like. The cottage is a large one, built of brick, the roof of corrugated galvanised iron; the verandah, with its neat iron pillars and fretwork frieze, runs round two sides, and over the frieze in summertime the pale purple wisteria and the short-lived convolvulus drape their luxuriant tendrils and beautiful blossom. The garden in front is quite a small one, but in summer it is a little world of flowers. It is early April now—the autumn season—and nearly all the flowers are gone, save the chrysanthemums. But the chrysanthemums are, alone and unaided, sufficient to make the little garden-space a glory of colours and beauty. Mavorna, with its frosty nights and mornings, may not be able to compete in roses and camellias with some of its neighbours "down country," but for chrysanthemums it is unrivalled. Look along this street, and send your glance over the line of gardens stretching up the hill-side—you can see hardly anything else for the chrysanthemums. They rivet your gaze by the wealth of their blossom, and the variety of their colour and tint—foam-white, purple, the delicatest primrose and cream, the richest bronze in every shade.

At the rear of the house there are stables and a coach-house, a fowl-yard, and wood-yard, with a huge pile of wood like a small hill, some of it in logs, some in stacks of billets ready for the fire. Nothing but wood is used for firing in most Australian country towns; and what a glorious fire the big logs of "blue" and "iron-bark" gum make. The fireplaces are large, open hearths of white-washed brick. One, two, or three logs, as the case may be, are laid across, which, being almost always thoroughly dry in a well-ordered house, kindle at once, and the result is a warm, clear, clean fire, that makes no soot, and leaves only a white ash as clean as the flame itself. Touch the glowing log with your foot, and a shower of rushing sparks ascend the wide chimney like a yellow rocket.

There is no fruit-garden attached to this house, but a number of the neighbouring cottage-villas possess orchards in which English fruits—apples, cherries, and even strawberries—grow side by side with those of warmer lands. At one side of the house there is a melon patch, hedged from the street by a row of the tallest sun-flowers, where, in their season, the big, sleek gourds of the water-melons, coolest and most refreshing of all fruits in hot weather, lie glimmering greenly among their dark leaves.

On the verandah of the house this April morning of vivid sunshine and soft winds may be seen the figures of two young girls. One is reclining with a book in her hands in a long, low wicker chair, the other is occupied in fastening two canary-cages to rings fixed in the roof of the verandah. The first girl is tall, dark, and conspicuously handsome, the rich brown tint of her skin flushed delicately with rose. She is built slightly, but the wavy, sweeping outlines of her figure are prophetic of a future fulness and luxuriance of contour that may ere long cause the young lady to breathe the sigh of "Lady Jane" in the ballad. There is a touch of something almost foreign, or at least not quite English, in the character of this girl's beauty, as well as in the air of not ungraceful indolence, the general *dolce far niente* feeling, that seems to sit as naturally upon her as her gown, which is in the height of the reigning Sydney mode.

Very different in all outward points is the other girl. She is short, and inclined to plumpness—a round and neat little figure like a plover. Her hair is short and crisp like a boy's, her cheeks are as brown as a boy's, and her grey-blue eyes, which are her best feature, are as clear and direct as daylight. She wears a simple print frock, a white apron, and an enormous brimmed hat, of a style which I think must be made especially for the Australian market. She is the daughter of the house—the handsome dark girl in the verandah chair is a guest-friend up from the capital on a visit.

The duties of the daughter of the house began an hour ago with the general superintendence of the breakfast arrangements. That function over, and the men-folk, her brothers, away to their business, she never omits to hang out her birds in the sunshine. She leaves the mother, still an active and energetic lady, to gather the chrysanthemums for the daily decoration of the rooms—the humblest cottage-room in an Australian country-side is seldom without its little flower vase. Her birds made happy in their sunny perch, and conversed with for a minute in an interchange of whistles, she turns to her friend, but only for a few moments, for she cannot spare the time now for promiscuous gossip even with a guest. She has plenty to do within doors before noon—the orders to the different tradesmen, the mid-day dinners to be set in train, the Chinaman vegetable peddler to be interviewed, a seed-cake to bake, and in the summer season much jam-making and preserving of fruits to supervise. These, and a dozen such like offices, keep her wits and her two small brown hands as busy as knitting needles all the morning. Every now and then she is out on the verandah again to exchange a word with her guest—who, meantime,



is very content to put through the sunny hours till dinner in her luxurious chair with her novel—perhaps to wave her hand to an acquaintance passing on the other side of the road. She likes to keep her afternoons clear for her private pursuits, for reading or writing, for visiting or tennis, but above all else for driving out in the buggy, which she drives herself, either alone, with her mother, or with a friend.

The daughter of the house is a thorough little country girl, as she will tell you herself. She can do pretty well everything a country girl ought to be able to do in Australia, where domestic servants competent at all points are almost impossible to be obtained. But beside her household virtues, she can waltz like a South Kensington belle, sing prettily, ride well of course, and can not only drive a buggy, but, helped by a maid or her young brother, "harness up," when there is no one else at hand to do it, quite scientifically.

She is a bright, honest, capable little woman, this Australian country girl, and that is a fact. She could tell you very little indeed about Mr. Burne Jones or Botticelli, or even about Mr. Browning and the "Society" that exists to interpret him, but she has many solid virtues, and one or two accomplishments. She has her flaws and her foibles. Among these, some might count her *penchant* for slang, but her local *argot* is not of a very glaring order. She picks it up mostly from her brothers. When she is a little out of sorts, or *ennuyée*, she says she is "off her chump," or "off her pannikin," or "off colour." When she thinks any one's talk is drifting into superfluous fluency and redundancy, she says, "What are you giving us?" or, "Oh, give it a rest," and when any one is in the 'Ercles vein, and putting on an overplus of what sailors call "weather-helm," she remarks, "What fearful side." Nothing more *canal* or more *risqué* than this.

This brief glimpse of an Australian country home, so brief from the space at command that it is a mere outline, may nevertheless be received as typical. I mean that there are scores of homes, like the one described, in every Australian country-side, and scores of daughters of the house more or less like this one. As to the future, she is certain to marry—every girl in Australia does. She will wed a branch-bank manager, or a local solicitor, or a C.P.S. (Clerk of Petty Sessions), or a superintendent on a station. Her husband will give her a house on a smaller scale like her father's, a visit to Sydney once a year, and a buggy. That is about the tether of her ambition, and a wholesome enough one too.

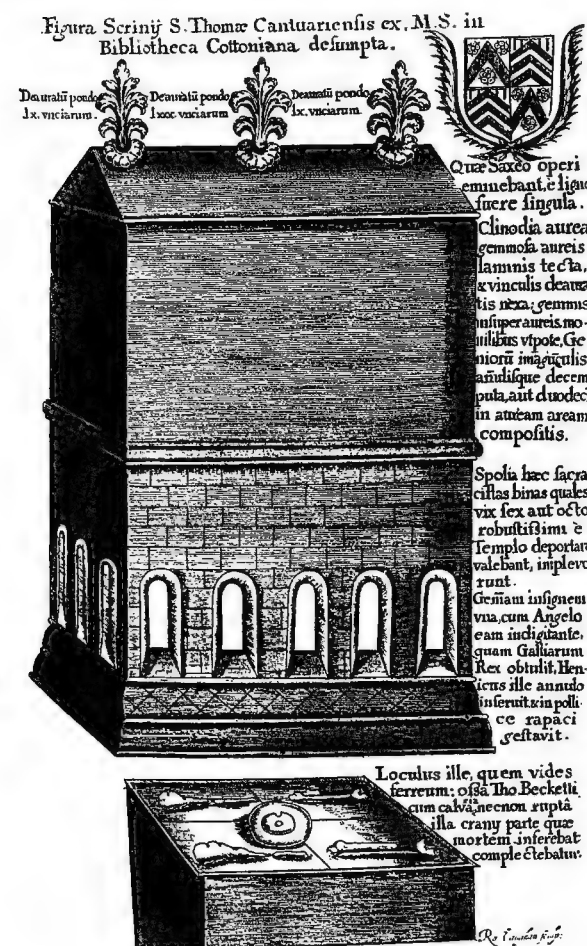
Has this sketch given the reader a too favourable impression of country life in Australia? Well, there has been no space to dwell on the duller side of the picture, but the writer's word may be taken for it that there is a shadowy side. Provincial life in the Australian colonies, to mention only one point, is often depressingly monotonous, especially, perhaps, for middle-aged and elderly people. The youngsters have their season of dances, picnics, and little local festivals of various sorts, but even for them there are long periods of rapid vacancy and colourless sameness, where each day is a beggarly plagiarism of the one before, and the nights go *claudio pede* as ever went the club-footed Hephæstus. The tyranny of the small local interest, too, the soul-narrowing despotism of the meagre social rivalry, and stunted ambition, rest upon Mavorna no less than upon all limited communities the world over, superinducing the intellectual standpoint of the folk in "Enid" who thought—

The rustic cackle of their burgh  
The murmur of the world.

R. R.

## THE SHRINE AND BONES OF ST. THOMAS A BECKET

IT is not our intention to enter the lists and join in the controversy which has been lately carried on as to whether the bones recently discovered at Canterbury Cathedral are really those of the celebrated Archbishop, all we desire to do is to call the attention of our readers to the *facsimile* which we publish of a very curious old engraving of the shrine and bones of the saint as they appeared



in the reign of Henry VIII. The original engraving appears in the edition of Dodsworth and Dugdale's "Monasticon Anglicanum," "printed by Richard Hodgkinson," in 1655. As the inscription above the engraving informs us, it was copied from an ancient drawing in manuscript preserved in the Cotton Library, which would appear to have been made at the time that the shrine was being destroyed, or very shortly after. Its artistic merits are certainly not remarkable, and it omits the golden *lamina* (thin plates) with which the upper part of the shrine was covered, and also the

"gilded chains" with which this covering was raised to expose the shrine.

It shows, however, the little iron chest containing the skull and bones of the Saint, with the piece of cranium which was struck off at the martyrdom rejoined to the skull. Now it will be at once noticed that these remains do not indicate anything like a perfect skeleton, but only a skull, two shoulder-blades, and two arm or leg bones, and if this was all that was preserved in the Shrine, it is certainly difficult to reconcile the idea that the skeleton recently discovered at Canterbury was really that of St. Thomas à Becket.

It is known that the portion of the skull struck off was preserved in a separate Shrine, which stood in what is called "Becket's Crown," and it is just possible that this *loculus fereum* may represent this smaller Shrine, but if so, why should the whole of the skull and other bones be represented which do not appear to have been preserved in "Becket's Crown?" In all probability this is really intended to show the interior of the great Shrine, and all that remained within it in Henry VIII's days.

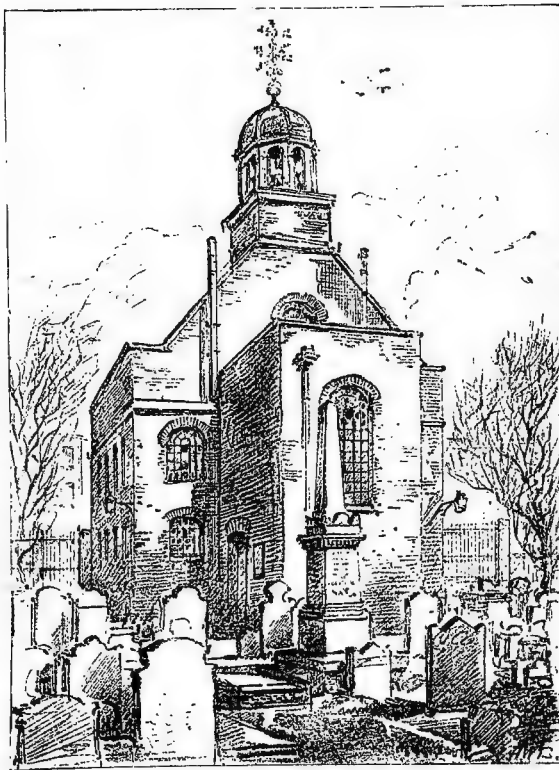
Of course we only suggest this, leaving it to more learned antiquarians to settle the point. We think, however, the drawing is of great value in the present controversy, and of singular interest as being, with the exception of a very slight representation in one of the stained-glass windows of the Cathedral, the only genuine illustration of the Shrine which exists, so far as can be at present ascertained.

H. W. B.

## ST. MARYLEBONE OLD CHURCH

FEW persons who pass the important-looking church of Saint Marylebone (unless they happen to be inhabitants of the neighbourhood) are aware of the fact that a former and more ancient parish church is still in existence—a building which recalls recollections of a time when this vast metropolitan district was a small, isolated village, approached by a green, shady lane, from Tybourne Road.

"Marylebone Parish Chapel," as it has been called since the erection of the modern parish church in 1817, is situated in Marylebone Lane, and is externally a very plain and uninteresting-looking edifice, rebuilt in 1741. It, however, stands upon the site and foundations of an ancient ecclesiastical structure, built in the year 1400 by Nicholas Braybroke, Bishop of London. At the reconstruction, many of the old monuments and inscriptions were retained, and are still preserved. These, together with memorials of a later date, render Marylebone Chapel well worthy of a visit, especially at the present time, when this modest little church is celebrating the centenary of two important events connected with its history—the baptism, within its walls, of the poet Byron, and the burial in its graveyard of the mortal remains of Charles Wesley. The font at which Byron was christened no longer exists, and the humble stone which covered the grave of the Wesleys was replaced in 1858 by a more pretentious though less interesting memorial to the members of that



THE WESLEY MONUMENT

pious and highly-endowed family. In addition to Charles, who died on the 29th of March, 1788, aged eighty years, the various inscriptions, upon the monument, record Sarah, his wife, who died on the 20th of December, 1822, aged ninety-six years. Charles, son of the before-mentioned Charles and Sarah, May 23rd, 1834, aged seventy-seven years; and Samuel, also their son, 1837, aged seventy-one. He was an eminent composer of ecclesiastical music.

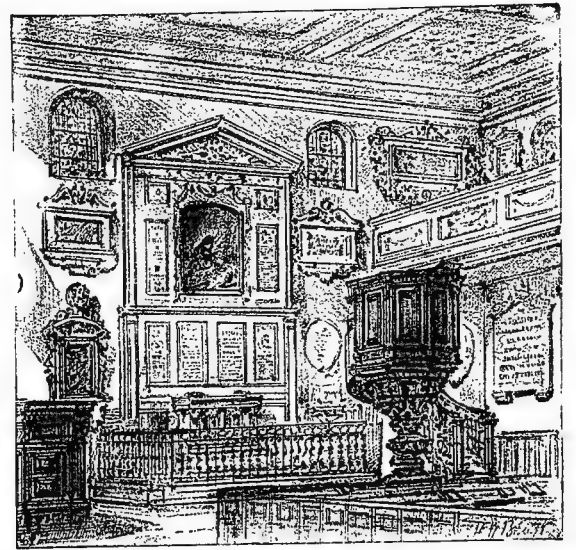
Internally, the walls of the church are covered with tablets, several of which are interesting on account of the names which they record. Among others, the one to Charles Gibbs, the architect of St. Martin's Church, Giuseppe Baretti, and Stephen Storace, the composer, should be noticed: also two handsome modern ones to various members of the Cavendish-Bentinck family, recording the deaths of William Henry Cavendish Bentinck, Marquis of Titchfield, 1824; Lady Caroline, 1828; the Duchess of Portland, 1828; Lord William George Cavendish Bentinck, 1848; William Henry, Duke of Portland, 1800; Georgina Augusta Fredrica, wife of Lord William Charles, 1826; Lord William Henry Cavendish Bentinck, 1839; and Mary, his wife, 1843. The Duke of Portland, here mentioned, was made Prime Minister 1809, and Lord William was Governor-General of India.

Some of the more ancient mural tablets are remarkable for their design and execution, especially one close to the reading-desk, which bears an inscription recording the merits of Sir Edmund Dowce, who, we are informed, was "Cupbearer to Anne of Denmark, Queen to Kyng James, and to Henrietta Maria of France, Queen to Kyng Charles. Forty years a constant servant in his place, never married. After the writing hereof he was aged three score and three years in Anno Dni., 1644.

Another large mural monument, with a very bold broken pediment over it, is inscribed with the names of Dame Francis Howland,

1668, and Elizabeth Roberts, 1658, and a pretty, simply treated tablet records Deborah Chambers, of York, 1680.

The most interesting inscription in the church is cut in wood, and affixed to the front of the pews facing the Communion table. The



THE INTERIOR

two first lines are rather damaged, and the two concluding ones have been recut, but they appear to read as follows:—

THESE : PEWS : IS : UNSCREWED : AND : TANE : IN : SUNDER,  
IN : STONE : THERS : GRAVEN : WHAT : IS : UNDER.  
TO : WIT : A VALT : FOR : BURIAL : THERE : IS.  
WHICH : EDWARD : FORSET : MADE : FOR : HIM : AND : HIS.

What makes this of especial interest is the fact that this identical inscription is shown in one of Hogarth's pictures of "The Rake's Progress," and proves that that picture was painted from the old church which stood upon this site.

There seems also to be a great probability that the picture of the Idle Apprentice being castigated by the beadle for playing "pitch-halfpenny" in the churchyard also represents Old Marylebone Church, as the high tomb represented to the right of our sketch is similar to that shown in the picture.

The old stained glass windows which adorn the church were given four years back by the Dowager Lady Howard de Walden. They are Flemish glass of the sixteenth century. The reading desk and Communion Table came from the Parish Church when that building was refitted a few years back. They are of Spanish mahogany, and the stem of the pulpit is a fine piece of carving. The picture over the altar, representing the Nativity, was painted by Benjamin West, and is curiously inscribed by him as follows:—

"This picture, by Benjamin West, R.A., President of the Academy of Arts in London, and Historical Painter to His Majesty, is presented by him as a gratuitous offering to the Communion of the Parish Church of St. Marylebone, in which parish he lived as a housekeeper forty-five years. He painted this picture in 1818."

Old Marylebone Church has been carefully repaired and put into excellent order by the present incumbent, the Rev. Grant E. Thomas, to whom we are indebted for much of the information contained in this article.

H. W. B.

## FAREWELL INTERVIEW BETWEEN AYUB KHAN AND GENERAL M'LEAN

ON the 19th of January last, an event occurred in the ancient city of Mashhad, in Persia, which, though it has excited little or no comment in Europe, is not without interest. This was the departure of Sirdar Mahamad Ayub Khan on his journey to India. After the failure of his late attempt to enter Afghanistan, he has decided to cast in his lot unreservedly with the British Government, and the whole of the large body of Afghan refugees in Persia will follow his example.

Ayub Khan, accompanied by all his leading chiefs, formed the first detachment of an exodus of nearly nine hundred souls, including women and children, who will shortly be domiciled in India under the protection of our Government.

Before starting, Ayub and his principal adherents paid a farewell visit to General M'Lean in his camp, near Mashhad, and we publish a sketch of the interview by an eye-witness.

The main facts of Ayub Khan's history are already well known. He fought against us bravely in 1880, and defeated General Burrows at Maiwand—for which we can afford to forgive him, more especially as the defeat was so promptly avenged by Roberts.

Ayub is still quite a young man—only twenty-eight—and is described by our correspondent as having a dignified and prepossessing manner.

Hashim Khan, who sits on Ayub's right, is a grandson of the great Dost Mahamad, and one of Ayub's most influential supporters. He is a wealthy man, and has always been well disposed towards us.

Next him sits his half-brother, Tahir Khan, and next is Fateh Mahamad, the artist who depicted Ayub's fight with the Herati troops at Chashma Manu, a *facsimile* of which drawing we recently published. He is married to Ayub Khan's aunt.

The words "Lui-Nab" are Pushtu, and mean "Great Deputy, or Lieutenant." He was formerly Governor of Turkestan.

General Taj Mahamad belongs to the powerful Ghilzai tribe. At Maimand, clad in a white shirt, and with his beard between his teeth—both signs of a determination to court death—he led a furious cavalry charge against us, and contributed largely to our defeat.

General Wali Mahamad is a Wardak Khan. He is an artillery officer, and is said to be a good soldier.

Mir Bacha is a Kohistani, which is equivalent to our term "Highlander," and is what one of the latter would call a "dour chiel," having been one of our most courageous and determined opponents in the late Afghan war.

BELIEF IN WITCHCRAFT still lingers even among go-ahead, prosaic Americans. An old herb doctor at Pittsburg has actually been arrested for necromancy at the suit of a fellow-citizen, who accuses the doctor of bewitching his sister, and causing her death.

A NEWSPAPER MADE FROM A SPIDER'S WEB has been sent from Hong Kong to an American paper-manufacturer. It is a light, almost transparent, sheet, 11 inches by 14 inches, containing about two columns of matter, beautifully printed, and including a story in English. The paper is made from the web of the sacred white spider of the Chinese.





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THE DUKE OF RUTLAND  
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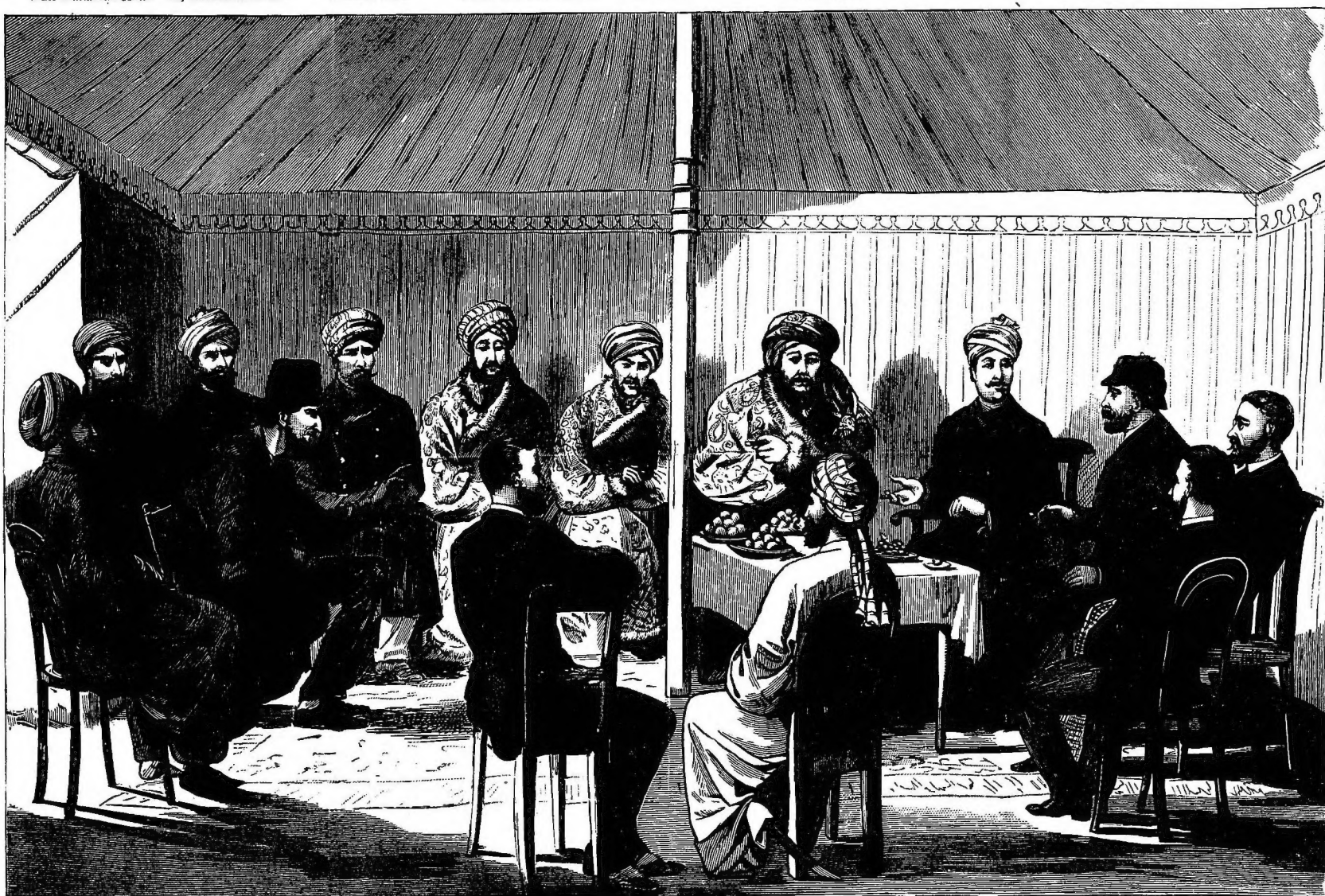
MR. E. BRODIE HOARE  
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DUTCH SOLDIERS DRILLING ON THE ICE ON THE AMSTEL, HOLLAND

Wali Mahamad Khán Taj Mahamad Khán The Lui-Náb Eateh Mahamad Khán Tahir Khán Hashim Khán General C. S. M'Lean, C.B.



Mirza Haidar Kuli Khán Allah Baksh Khán,(Interpreter) Mir Bacha Sirdar Ayub Khán

FAREWELL VISIT OF AYUB KHAN TO GENERAL C. S. M'LEAN, C.B., AT MASHHAD, PERSIA







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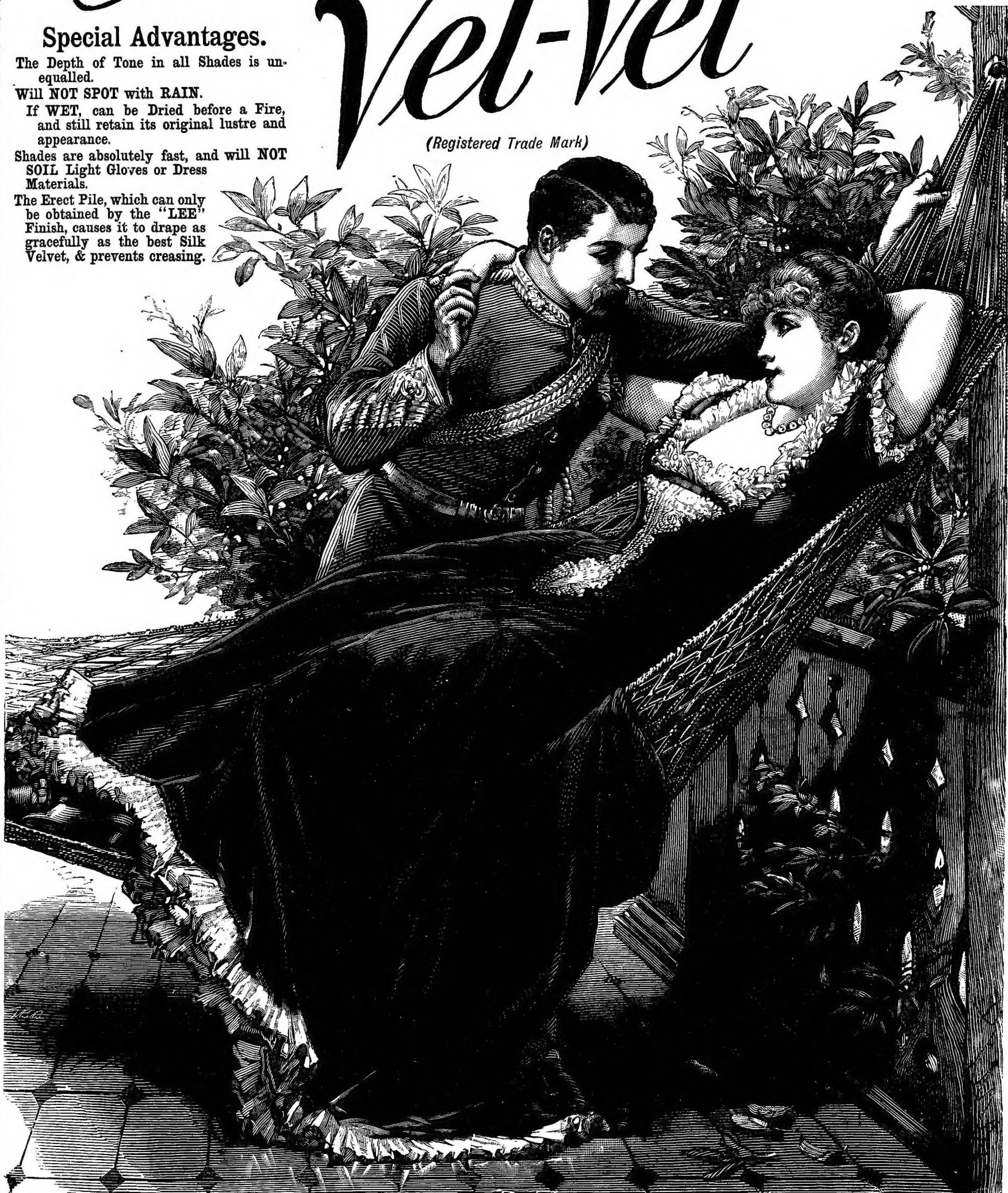
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